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SPEAIGHT.

THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK AND HER CHILDREN.

157, New Bond Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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A Correction (Mr. J. Tomkinson, M.P.): *The Penalty of Greediness* (Mr. A. L. Allen); A Labrador that Retrieves Salmon (The Hon. Sydney Holland); The View from Richmond Hill; A Victim to Wire; Ripple-marks on Stones; The Feeding of Cuckoos in Captivity (Miss Frances Pitt); Sussex Dew-funds (Miss Eleanor Shiffner); Flint Gun-locks (Mr. C. W. W. Brown); The Wood Wasp; A Hunting-field Tragedy (Mr. G. W. C. Hartley); Shooting—The 4-10 Choke-bored Shot-gun (Fleur-de-Lyn).

### EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

## THE MONSTROUS . . REGIMENT OF INSPECTORS.

WHATEVER may be a man's political belief, he must view with considerable apprehension the huge multiplication of inspectors to which modern legislation has given rise. Inspection begins with childhood, and it would almost seem as though fathers and mothers were invited to trust that the medical men who conduct the examinations at school will look after the care of their children. At any rate, there is just a chance that their own vigilance will be abated by the delegation of this duty. To the poor this school inspection is but the preliminary to a series of others that they will be subjected to until old age and death overtake them. The inspectors of schools must certify as to their progress year by year, and at last give the assurance that they have attained a standard of knowledge which will fit them to begin the practical duties of citizenship. If they still, as children, go to work in a shop or factory, other inspectors are appointed to see that they keep reasonable hours, enjoy hygienic conditions and have reasonable access to the means of attaining cleanliness. When they get old enough to marry and set up houses for themselves, the inspector of nuisances will be expected to see that they have no bad drains, middens, manure-heaps or other obvious means of breeding fever near their cottage doors. If they wish to keep that poor man's friend the pig, again the inspector steps in, lest they should build a pigsty too near the house. So we might go on with an endless list of duties which fall upon these officials to perform. Every new Act of Parliament seems to call more officers into existence. If a new tax is imposed on land, it necessitates the creation of an army of officials who will have to value the soil. When the Small Holdings Act was passed, there were new officials appointed by Government Departments and many new and highly-salaried officials chosen locally by the County Councils and other authorities to help in the working of the Act.

In theory the appointment of inspectors is commendable, if not absolutely necessary. We know this particularly in regard to

matters of diet. Since time out of mind the dishonest retailer of milk has been in the habit of extending the quantity of his produce by recourse to the convenient pump and the addition of substances other than those which came from the cow. If the sanitary inspector did his duty he would check these abuses. In some cases, no doubt, he manages to do so; in others he does nothing of the kind. At any rate, it is notorious that out of any given number of samples of milk taken at random in a large town a varying proportion will always be found to be adulterated. Dead meat affords another illustration of the curious working of the system of inspection. As far as the metropolis goes this inspection is carried out most adequately. Animals are slaughtered in public buildings carefully designed for the purpose, in which, by a simple arrangement, the refuse is carried off by water and the whole building sterilised by steam. Most capable men are employed to examine the carcasses and to condemn those which are diseased. Were as good a system in vogue throughout the country, the consumer of meat might, at any rate, hold the peaceful belief that he was being saved from that which is contaminated by tuberculosis or any similar disease. But then the system is not common to all the rest of the country. A few of the great towns like Liverpool are comparable with London in the adequacy of their arrangements; but in many, probably a vast majority, of the small towns the private slaughter-house is still a common institution, so that the butcher can there kill animals suffering from perilous diseases, and at the same time, if he be of a dishonest character, can pass the meat on to the public. We need not dwell on the confusion that arises from the absence of any uniform plan for guarding the public against the use of diseased meat. It stares one in the eye, so to speak. Certain reformers, however, are not only intent upon securing public abattoirs in every part of the country and of appointing inspectors to watch over the carcasses in them, but they would go very much further. After all, if the problem of diseased meat has to be dealt with effectually, a beginning must be made much earlier than in the butcher's shop. In other words, steps must be taken to ascertain that the flocks and herds are free from any contagion. This opens the way to the appointment of another regiment of officials, who would have to exercise over the farmer's stock as much care as a different kind of inspector devotes to factory or workshop. Experts say that about 35 per cent. of the cattle of the United Kingdom are at the present moment suffering from tuberculosis; but of this huge proportion it would not be necessary to send all to the destructor. Probably only about 5 per cent. are in an absolutely hopeless condition. What is hoped from appointing a larger inspectorate is that these men would be able, by applying the tubercular or some other test, to detect the presence of disease at that very early stage when either it could be cured altogether, or, if that were impossible, that the animal might be killed and consumed as human food without any danger arising.

We have used the word "theory" in regard to inspection, and it has a very important bearing on the subject. Not England alone, but other countries possess a complete machinery for securing purity of food. Yet the food is not pure, and it is admitted that the fault of this ideal machinery is that it does not act. The system of working by inspectors is open to very grave abuse. Let us take the sanitary inspectors throughout the country or the surveyors appointed by local authorities as examples. We have not the slightest wish to bring any accusations against them as a class. They are neither better nor worse than other members of the population, but whoever knows the facts is aware that they are subjected to more than a fair share of temptation. The zeal of the sanitary inspector in the country is very much more conspicuously displayed in the case of the man from whom he has nothing to expect, while others may commit very considerable offences and yet be undisturbed. The inspector who belongs to the district must be a man of the very highest integrity if he does not form connections that sooner or later will interfere with the strict performance of his duties. The very people with whose houses, shops and farms he has to deal are very often those who compose the local authority which holds his appointment in its hands. Before proceeding to appoint inspectors wholesale, it would be well if those in power would give this matter their serious attention.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Duchess of Norfolk with her children. The Duchess, who is Baroness Herries in her own right, is the eldest daughter of the late Lord Herries, eleventh baron, and her marriage to the Duke of Norfolk took place in 1902.

\*.\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.









# COUNTRY



## • NOTES •

**A**T Great Yarmouth on Tuesday last the Earl of Stradbroke opened a two days' conference organised by the National Sea Fisheries' Protection Association. In his speech Lord Stradbroke dwelt upon the importance of fish as a food for the bulk of our population, and the conference passed a resolution urging the Government to make fish a weekly item of diet in both Services and all Government institutions. Another point raised was the inefficiency of the present type of police-boats which are supposed to protect our trawlers. It appears that British trawlers are constantly being driven from the fishing-grounds by foreign competitors who ignore the common laws of navigation and escape the consequence of their poaching, not because the police-boats lack vigilance, but because they lack speed. The general feeling of the meeting was that the present indefinite state of the law relating to fisheries was unsatisfactory, and that they ought to be controlled by a central Board under a Minister for Fisheries. This would probably do away with International friction on the fishing-grounds, and some plans might be devised whereby the men would be able to distribute their fish rapidly to populous centres where it would be appreciated. On Monday last, for instance, hundreds of thousands of mackerel were caught on the East Coast only to be uselessly destroyed owing to a purely local glut.

In the very interesting communication from Sir James Percy FitzPatrick which will be found in another part of this issue a valuable suggestion is made. We have in this country already, thanks to the exertions of Sir F. S. Baden-Powell, a little army of 200,000 Boy Scouts, all being trained to use their intelligence, their eyes, their hands—in fact, to make the very most of their physical outfit. No doubt the number will increase as the movement gathers strength with the passing of years. The question is, what use will these boys, be when they grow up to manhood? Obviously at a pinch they could easily be turned into defenders of the country; but the movement is not altogether warlike in its object. Indeed, the originator has expressly told us that his aim is not to make infant soldiers, but handy, useful men. The suggestion of Sir James Percy FitzPatrick is that they would make the best possible emigrants for the sparsely populated Colonies. He himself is a South African by birth, and one who has performed great services to that Colony, and his interest is chiefly in Rhodesia. He is anxious to see the fulfilment of the hope of Rhodes, "that in Rhodesia a great white population should find a home." What better home-makers could be found than those who are undergoing the training of Boy Scouts? Each of them has in himself the potentialities of becoming a "Jock of the Bushveld."

But there is no reason why Rhodesia should monopolise the whole of the efficient part of our population. There is in Canada an excessive demand for colonists of this type at the present moment. The United States has been quick to recognise this opening, and during the last year land has been taken up at an enormous rate by Americans. Already the capital they have invested in Canadian land is counted by millions. Still the Dominion is crying out for more, and our Boy Scouts, when they reach an age when they can work for themselves, will find

effective opportunities for exercising those faculties that they are at the present moment cultivating in the lands of the North West. Australia and New Zealand are equally in need of such emigrants. The reflection that occurred to Sir James as he looked at the boys being reviewed in Richmond Park—"The best material in the world to uphold a country or to make one"—might have occurred to any thoughtful spectator. Were the vacant spaces in the Colonies peopled by young men who had been thoroughly accustomed to an open-air life and training in all that conduces to success in country pursuits, the strength of the Empire would be increased to a degree almost incalculable; and for this reason, if for no other, we give a hearty welcome to the proposal that Sir James Percy FitzPatrick has placed before our readers.

This, we are afraid, is not going to be a good year for making cider, as the crop of apples throughout the country is meagre in quantity and not of very good quality, since it has not ripened well under the cloudy conditions that have prevailed. Nevertheless, at the Brewers' Exhibition the cider and perry shown have evoked general admiration. Their merits are beginning to be well understood of the public, as is proved by their increased consumption. Cider made from pure apple juice generally contains not more than 4 per cent. of alcohol, which is less than is to be found in some kinds of ginger beer. It may therefore be taken as a temperance beverage, and if the old saw be true that "an apple a day keeps the doctor away," the juice of apples must be a wholesome and nutritious beverage. Perry is perhaps more palatable. Those who are fond of it consider that it compares favourably with champagne; and, indeed, only connoisseurs are able to detect the difference between a moderate champagne and an extremely good glass of perry. Both cider and perry are manufactured very cheaply as compared with the wines of other countries, and we are sure that their wider use is a step towards true temperance. There are few people who would drink fiery, intoxicating spirits after either of them.

MICHAELMAS DAISIES.

Veiled in white mist and drenched with shrouding dew,  
Spectral and dim, a disembodied band,  
Robed in pale shades of lavender or blue,  
Patient in garden border there they stand.

Wistful their eyes and passionless and kind;  
They stand compelling, intimate, austere,  
Looking like ghosts of griefs long out of mind,  
Like ghosts of dear delights dead many a year.

ELIZABETH B. PERCY.

Farmers have been complaining for some time of the depression in the meat market, but it has not been reflected in the autumn sales. Rams brought very good prices, despite the fact of mutton having fallen so low, and now it is the turn of the shorthorns, and the demand for them seems to be extremely brisk. One of the most important events of the year is the sale of the Duthie herd at Collynie. In spite of the absence of foreign and Colonial buyers, the bull calves went very well indeed, only eight out of twenty-four bringing less than a hundred guineas each, while four brought respectively seven hundred and twenty guineas, seven hundred guineas, six hundred and twenty guineas, and four hundred and eighty guineas. The average for the twenty-four was two hundred and fifty-one pounds, one shilling and sevenpence. This is good evidence that the shorthorn, at all events, is not going out of favour at present. Mr. John Murr's calves from Uppermill, sold at the same time, made an average of two hundred guineas, and five bull calves belonging to Mr. A. T. Gordon sold for an average of two hundred and thirty-six pounds, five shillings and ninepence; while of the heifer calves, one made three hundred guineas, and the average was one hundred and five pounds, four shillings and ninepence. Sales at Aberdeen and Perthshire point the same moral. The demand for first-class pedigree shorthorns has seldom been so keen.

In its own active, energetic way, the Irish Department of Agriculture has been collecting statistics that shed a welcome illumination on the science of poultry-keeping. Theorists talk a great deal of nonsense about the number of eggs a hen can or does lay in the course of twelve months. It often induces beginners and amateurs to imagine that they can obtain much larger returns than they find possible in actual practice. A good English farmer has told us that he reckons his farmyard fowls average only about eighty eggs each per annum, and probably that may be considered a very fair return. In the experiments made by the Irish Agricultural Department the average number ranged from ninety-seven to 134, but the average of the best flock was from 102 to 201, while that of the worst flock ranged from sixty-nine to 122. The conclusion arrived at was that the breed did not matter so much as management and the strain or individuality of the birds. That is to say,

that if you wish for good results you must breed from good layers and the progeny of good layers.

It is very seldom that any Parliamentary Committee has such interesting evidence before it as that which was given by the Rev. T. Horne, chaplain to the Showmen's Guild, before the House of Lords Committee on the Movable Dwellings Bill. It is satisfactory to find that he was able to speak so highly of the cleanliness, morality and general well-being of his nomad congregation. Ninety per cent. he stated to have permanent as well as movable dwellings, so that any difficulty about the education of the children shrinks at once to nearly 10 per cent. of its apparent proportions. The statistics as to the numbers of the travelling showmen are both interesting and startling. There are, as it appears, some 4,000 vans which go the round of the fairs between Easter and November and then go into stationary winter quarters. In all, the chaplain estimated the population engaged in the show business at 73,000; but of these only 12,000 were van-dwellers, giving an average of only three persons to a van and thus obviating any apprehension of their being overcrowded. Showmen, he further stated, paid as much as £1,600 annually to the city of Nottingham for sites for their shows and performances, £800 to Hull, and above £600 to York. While he considered the proposed legislation uncalled for so far as the van-dwelling showmen were concerned, he expressed a decided view that the modern sanitary bye-laws and the provisions of the Children Act ought to be made compulsory in the case of all gipsy encampments on common land.

While the crowds assembled at Blackpool and Doncaster show how keenly English people are interested in aviation, Paris has been put into a state of excitement by a feat hitherto unparalleled. On Monday the Comte de Lambert in a Wright machine started at Juvisy and, mounting up to a height of 1,000ft., passed over the Latin Quarter, the Place St. Michel, the Seine and made a circle round the Eiffel Tower. It was a magnificent flight, scarcely second in importance to M. Blériot's crossing of the Channel. Up to now aviators have displayed a prudent caution in flying over towns; and, indeed, it is as well that they should do so until the chances of accidents are reduced to a minimum. But the Comte de Lambert's courage is worthy of all praise. When he came down upon the open plain beyond the fortifications a crowd of 5,000 persons surrounded him and escorted him to the Tribune d'Honneur.

Argentine ranch-owners have for some years been famed for the prices they have paid for the best of our English livestock. Whether thorough-bred horses, bulls or rams, it mattered not; they would have the best, cost what it might, and our breeders have benefited accordingly. But the figure received of sales that have taken place in the Argentine since the beginning of September can only be described as extraordinary, if, indeed, they are not contingent in any way on the future success of the animals sold. We are told that "buyers went mad," and such prices lend plausibility to the suggestion. Senor Unzué received £25,419 for twenty-one horses, an average of £1,258 a head. From the Haras Las Ortigas twenty head fetched £36,003, or an average of £1,800. The Haras Nacional obtained £27,145 for twenty-two horses, an average of nearly £1,234, and the Haras Ojo de Agua £38,193 for nineteen head.

We are now in the very heart of the shooting season, and the contents of our columns illustrate in a remarkable manner the variety and extent of the sport enjoyed by the Englishman of the twentieth century. The love of shooting big game and of seeking adventure in distant lands is exemplified in Mr. Millais's striking article, "Caribou-hunting in Cassiar." In contrast with it may be placed the partridge-shooting of Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, who finds in this his relaxation from the arduous duties of Opposition Whip. A Highland contributor tells us of the woodcock bred in that highly sporting district, and the paper on "Boy Scouts" treats of what may be taken as another and very healthy form of sport; while our expert on gunnery shows how very keenly sportsmen look out for new inventions, and the notes on field and covert show how carefully the game of the year is studied and watched.

Mr. R. H. Biffen, M.A., Professor of Agricultural Botany at Cambridge, has been recently elected to a Professorial Fellowship at St. Catharine's College. Those of our readers who are concerned in agriculture and stock-raising will no doubt remember two extremely interesting articles which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE about twelve months ago. These articles, dealing with the Mendelian theory of selection and heredity, either in plants or animals, explained the system on which Professor Biffen has been experimenting with a view to improving English wheat. Our wheat has always compared unfavourably with Canadian grain in regard to "strength," and it was the desire to remedy this weakness that encouraged the

Professor to start his experiments. In the course of ten years he has produced a wheat practically immune from "rust"; others which will compare with Canadian in point of "strength," and which at the same time are prolific enough to make them profitable crops in this country. At the present time he is endeavouring to combine the qualities of these wheats—immunity from "rust," maximum "strength" and generous production in one plant. What this would mean only wheat-growers can say. If he succeeds, as it is to be hoped he will, Professor Biffen will have earned the gratitude of his fellow countrymen for all time.

Mr. Bernard Shaw showed his versatility the other night by delivering an improvised lecture at the Photographic Salon on photography. In the course of his remarks he disclosed the interesting fact that for a number of years he has used the camera himself, and proceeded to dissect the technicalities of the craft with a knowledge that surprised his hearers. The interesting point, however, was the comparison he drew between photography and painting. It was certainly not to the advantage of the latter. He said the academicians cannot paint. He gets a model, dresses her in what he considers suitable clothing, and names her "Juliet," but at the end she is only Miss Wilkins, or whatever her name may be. The history of photography he put in a few sentences, couched in his own original language: tradesmen photographers, gum photographers, oil photographers, and finally artistic photographers are upward steps in the craft. They led him to the conclusion that "if Whistler had not produced his 'Nocturnes' before the arrival of the impressionistic photograph he would have found himself very seriously rivalled in his own line." Mr. Shaw seemed to be a little tired of "atmosphere," and expressed a wish for a return to "sunlight" truth. It was, needless to say, a very clever oration, and charmed by its unexpectedness.

#### THE WESTWARD VOYAGE.

My friend the Sun, like all my friends  
Inconstant, lovely, far away,  
Has shown his face to make amends  
For half a weary month of grey.  
A furious march with him I'll go  
And race him in the Westward train  
And wake the hills of long ago  
And swim the Devon sea again.  
And I'll go seek by moor and dale  
A flower that wastrel winds caress,  
The bud is red and the leaves pale,  
The name of it forgetfulness.  
Then like the old and happy hills  
With frozen veins and fires outrun,  
I'll wait and dream till darkness kills  
My brother and good friend, the Sun.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.

Seldom has it happened in the history of the world that the rebuilding of a great city has had to be celebrated, and the toasts drunk on Tuesday to San Francisco are likely to pass into history. The feat that has been performed reflects the greatest credit upon the ingenuity and enterprise of the people of the United States. It is only three years since the world was thrown into consternation by the announcement that San Francisco had been destroyed by earthquake. This is a very short time indeed, even in human life, and yet it has been sufficient for the entire reconstruction of the town. Those who have seen it in its new guise state that the great calamity has been turned into a blessing, because in rebuilding the architects have been able in a great degree to utilise the principles of beauty, comfort and convenience which have been evolved during the last half-century or more. It is an unavoidable misfortune that the majority of the great towns of the world have not been carefully designed at the beginning, and have grown in an irregular manner as the demands for accommodation increased. They are, therefore, shapeless and unplanned, and the wonder is that they are habitable at all. The destruction of San Francisco, regrettable as it was, has afforded an opportunity to found a city and build it on a settled plan.

The angler is usually quite ready to indulge himself with the idea that he is especially marked out by Fortune for her malevolent arrows; but certainly it does seem as if, during the present autumn angling season, the salmon had been in an exceptionally exasperating mood. It is not as if they were not in the rivers. They are there, and have been rising in that attractive "head and tail" fashion which the fisherman looks on as characteristic of the salmon in a mood to take his lure. Nor have the rivers always been out of order, too high or too low. On the contrary, they have often been in very proper "ply." But, for all that, the fish have not been taking. It is very curious how universally and ubiquitously the lament is the



same—plenty of fish, river in good order, but the fish will not take. No one, so far as we are aware, has been able to offer a reasonable explanation of it. The season generally has been one of continual small rains, though not enough to make a big spate. But still the fish have come up, and the weather conditions do not at all explain their reluctance to take a fly.

It is safe to say that there is not a man or woman who ever knew him that does not feel the poorer by the loss of the late Lord Justice FitzGibbon. He was the very incarnation of much that is best and most characteristic in the Irish character. Wit, wisdom and sympathy were personified in him, and he

belonged to a band of men whose learning was not only tempered with humour, but also with the keenest and most provocative appreciation of humour in those about them. It has been said of him that he made a duil man not only feel himself to be witty, but actually to give out real and most exceptional scintillations of wit, so infectious was the atmosphere of humour which he seemed to carry about him. It was a very kindly as well as a humorous atmosphere, with a sympathy which is really perhaps only another facet of humour, as distinguished from wit which often has a note of malice. The late Lord Justice could be witty, too, though he would not sacrifice a friend to a joke. His loss will be widely felt in Irish Society.

## CARIBOU-HUNTING IN CASSIAR.

By J. G. MILLAIS.

THE weather seemed set fine, and I felt so elated with my success with the moose that, when Albert proposed a retreat up the trail of five miles, and then a cut in and up to a high sugar-loaf mountain about ten miles off the track on the Tuya Mountains, I consented. The bronchitis was still bad, but I could walk and there was no fever, so I meant to take some chances in a second attempt to get the big caribou. Soon we reached a point opposite the mountain, and then the hard work began. I drove the horses, and the two Indians went in front cutting down trees, for we had to force our own trail. The way these Indians worked was really magnificent. We camped at sunset in a swamp, and after supper Albert and Jimmy felt so good that they went off and cut down over one hundred trees to prepare for the morrow, while I sat in camp and listened to the "chunk" of their axes far up in the mountains above.

At daybreak all the horses were discovered except Nigger, whose melancholy face was at last observed sticking out



MY HUNTER, ALBERT.

of a bog-hole into which the unfortunate beast had sunk. We got him out and stood him in front of a roaring fire and, once fitted with his pack, he worked as well as any of the others. All day on the 19th the trail led upwards, the Indians working splendidly till midday, when we emerged on the open willow scrub at 5,000ft., which denotes the proximity of timber line.

After a hurried meal Albert and I ascended another 2,000ft. to look for game and the best place to fix our hunting-camp on the morrow. We covered much ground before nightfall, seeing a fair amount of fresh moose and caribou spoor. Our spirits were somewhat chilled, however, by the fact that on every fresh sign the tracks of a pack of wolves were in evidence. These pestilential brutes were hunting everything in the district.

Albert is one of the few men who have ever been attacked by a wolf in North America, where such instances are rare. One very cold night in December, Albert took his team of dogs over the hills south of Dease Lake to look at some traps he had set for



OSBORN'S CARIBOU BECOMING SUSPICIOUS.





#### MAKING OFF.

foxes. Snow was falling when he got into camp, so he put up his own little tent and alongside it the small shelter which he always carried for his four dogs. After supper, having fed the dogs, the trapper sat late over the fire smoking his pipe, when, looking over his shoulder, he saw an immense wolf standing at his side. As he moved the wolf gripped him firmly by the shoulder, but did not succeed in throwing him down. It might be thought that the dogs which were lying on the other side of the fire would have growled and at once attacked the wolf, but this was not the case with the dogs of Cassiar. On the contrary, they retreated into their shelter, where they set up a dismal howl of fear.

Albert seems to have kept his head with admirable presence of mind, and being unable to reach the axe or rifle, he grabbed the first weapon that came handiest, namely, a burning brand from the fire. With this he struck the wolf three times lightly on the nose, when it at length let go, and he gave it a stunning crack over the head. The wolf now slunk away, and Albert at once seized and loaded his rifle. After waiting for half-an-hour, and as the wolf did not return, he became sleepy, so, wrapping himself in his fur robe, he closed the door of the tent and retired for the night. He slept very soundly, as the wolf had not injured him seriously, and in the morning rose feeling somewhat stiff and sore. His first thought was for the dogs, and, going to their shelter, he at once saw a long trail of blood leading away to the forest. During the night the wolf had returned and killed his best dog. After disembowelling it, the starving beast had dragged the carcass to the greater part.

September 20th is one of the red-letter days of my life, so I must give it in full. At dawn we moved our outfit about four miles to the highest clump of wood and left Jimmy to make camp, while Albert and I set off for a long day on the mountain-tops in company with Burney, my riding horse. The walking for once was easy and firm, and as we forced our way through the last of the willow scrub, one of the finest landscapes in the

world was spread before our wondering eyes. Four thousand feet below was the Tanzila, lost in great golden splashes of cotton-wood birch and poplar. Successions of deep green fir woods rolled away to the west as far as the Grand Cañon of the Stikine, and looking beyond were huge mountains between that river and the Iskoot now covered with deep and permanent snow. The sky was intensely blue, and yet it appeared to be snowing. But snow it was not, but the snow white masses of drifting pollen flying off the ripened willow flowers. As we emerged on the alpine wilderness a constant whistling was detected on all sides. At first you looked for snow-buntings, but presently you discovered that the notes proceeded from numerous little holes in the earth. The sounds were in reality made by the small Columbia spermophile (*Spermophilus columbianus*), which are extremely abundant on these barren mountains and form a favourite food of the grisly bear.

As we walked upwards we sometimes detected little grey beasts seated out on piles of rocks watching our movements. These are the ground hogs or marmot (*Arctomys caligatus*), which are also fairly numerous in Cassiar. Another small mammal that was plentiful on the edge of the snowfields was the bright chestnut vole. They flashed here and there and sometimes stopped to squeak at you just like the lemmings in Norway. The uplands themselves reminded me strongly of the reindeer ground in Norway, and the shaly slopes descending sharply from the little glaciers were just the sort of places in which one would expect to see caribou resting for their midday nap. It was a glorious day for spying, and on every point of commanding eminence we stopped and worked the glass industriously.

There were hundreds of likely spots for the great caribou, but not one could we find.

"I guess wolves scare him right out of the country," said Albert, as he closed the glass with an irritable snap.

We had now walked about twelve miles, and I was feeling very tired and had great difficulty in breathing in the rarefied atmosphere.



56-INCH CARIBOU WITH FINE TOPS.

"We will just look this last valley," said Albert, moving to the left and taking his seat under a projecting rock. I searched with the glass, and then gave it to Albert, who had hardly placed it to his eye when he dropped it, excitedly exclaiming:

"Caribou! plenty big bulls!"

I tore the telescope from his hand and, looking in the direction he pointed, saw a number of black spots dotted in an open slope under a steep snowfield about half a mile distant. The eye at a distance shows only general marks, but the magnifying-glass gives us details. What a grand sight! I had been stalking reindeer for six years and had never seen anything like it before. Over fifty caribou lay in one herd, and among them were twelve huge bulls, the smallest carrying a head any hunter would have been proud to possess. I looked them over with greedy anticipation. Some had great long horns, one about 58in. or 60in.; another had splendid tops, but poor brows; another had a very beautiful, spindly head, broken up at the top in two bifurcating beams, each with long, irregular points; but the king of them all was the biggest stag which lay at the top and carried the finest pointy head I had ever seen. It looked short, but it was very thick and seemed quite a tree of snags; one brow alone was deficient. But we could not sit and stare at the antler collection; we must be up and doing. It was getting late, and time was of importance in case the stalk failed and we had to follow on. Our first move was to descend into the valley and hide the horse. This was safely accomplished, although we were in full view all the time. Barney's bridle was taken off, and he was allowed to graze in a little opening among some dwarf spruce. Here, tied by the rope of his headstall, we deemed him safe—a mistaken view, as it afterwards proved.

We were now on the same slope as the caribou, which were still lying down, and anticipated an easy stalk through dwarf spruce about 2ft. high up to within 300yds. of the deer. The wind was blowing directly in our faces, so that all went well until we reached the last stick of cover. From this point we had a fine view of the caribou, many of which had now risen to their feet and were descending the hill to feed on the moss of the lower slopes. As both Albert and I had anticipated this move on their part, deeming it as extremely unlikely that they would rise and walk directly away towards the wilderness of stones and snow, we descended quietly through the spruce and took up a position at the lowest point of our cover, which commanded a small ford which the deer were almost certain to



CASSIAR CARIBOU: 53 POINTS.

cross, judging by the contour of the ground. Albert's eyes glistened like those of a cat as he watched the caribou rising in twos and threes and running down the hill towards us. They stopped frequently to feed, and it was fully half-an-hour before the first stag, accompanied by two or three hinds, stood opposite our hiding-place. What an immense beast he looked, fully as big as a wapiti; and how keen I should have been to kill him had I not seen something better. It was an easy chance, not 80yds. away. Albert could not stand the temptation, urging me to fire with the inducement, "There is no better in Cassiar." But I had "done got experience," and meant to rely on my own judgment, and told him to be quiet.

Presently another grand stag came by—the one with very long horns—and the voice of the tempter again lifted itself. "Shut up!" I said; "I would sooner have one shot at that fellow lying down up there than kill twenty of these in front." By and by each of the big bulls passed in procession, rendering Albert almost crazy with conflicting emotions; and I had no little task to convince him that we would get the big many-pointed bull for certain if he would only have patience.

"He's got up," exclaimed the Indian at last, and there was the object of my desires standing looking intently down the hill surrounded by five large females. I never supposed for one second that he would do aught but follow the line of the others, so quietly got into a good shooting position and cocked my rifle. When I looked again the great stag was walking straight away from us along the hillside. My heart sank to the depths of despair.

As the stag walked away beyond range, I felt about as cheerful as when a local "museum society" came to inspect my collections and fell through the floor. My wife and I got them out all right and fed them on tea and buttered toast. But after that they never truly loved us. It was plain that Albert now distrusted my views on caribou habits, and I could see the look that means "I told you so" come into his eyes, a look that breeds irritation and battle. "He won't go far," I said, feebly, feeling pretty angry, but it was only the wish that is father to the thought, as I watched the white stern vanishing into the mists of space. Why had this abominable stag gone and done a thing contrary to all my previous experience with caribou? This was not yet the season of love and war, and yet he and a few hinds deliberately abandoned the main herd; especially strange, too, after recent disturbances by wolves. For a moment I was weak enough to half-wish I had killed that long-horned fellow as he



CASSIAR CARIBOU.



came sauntering by; but then another look with the glass at that massive crown decided me. After all I had done right; it was possible he might stop in some position not too far away, and that the main herd, scattered on the open hills to my left, might move and let me advance up wind.

The chilly wind of evening coming from the glacier was blowing in our faces and the light would not last many hours, and that makes all stalkers in sight of game restless. Even the phlegmatic Albert fidgeted and almost said something. He kept looking intently at the herd on our left, and I could read the thoughts as he mentally planned a fresh stalk at the main herd. But even to look in that direction signified an admission of weakness on my part and the acceptance of his plan, so I kept the glass glued on the object of my desires till my eyes ached at watching his slow, measured steps. Again and again he stopped and looked back at his late companions, and then my heart sank as each time he dropped his massive horns and followed in the wake of the ladies, who had now commenced to snatch a few mouthfuls of food. But what is this? He has started and is galloping full speed. Has something frightened him or has some

fresh bull appeared to excite his jealousy, for he is a master bull without doubt and the rut is near. He rushes beyond the leading doe and then down goes his head. The show of power drives the frightened does together and then back on the trail. They hesitate a moment and then start off at full gallop towards us. What joy! Our luck has turned. Albert's face is a study. He is incredulous and then excited. "They come now," he says to himself.

It was a recompense for the hardships of the journey to see that little troop advancing. I knew they would follow the line of the others and thus pass within easy shot. Moreover, I felt that I had been right to wait, and that pleases any man's vanity. On and on they came till the stag began to grow in size—500yds., 400yds., 300yds. Now they stop and smell about the old tracks, for caribou like to follow the exact trail of others of their kind. Then an old hind puts out her neck, cocks her ears and trots slowly down the hill towards our hiding-place. Albert worms himself into a desirable support behind my right shoulder, and all is in readiness for his majesty. The nearer he comes the bigger his horns look and, although not long, they contain a forest of points such as I had never seen before. But it is not good to look upon mighty antlers when the wind is blowing hard and cold and you are on the verge of shivering with the brain at high tension. A merciful Providence causes the bull to stop just where the others had stood, but he is covered by two hinds and I must wait till they have moved. He pokes one gently out of the way and then himself

moves forward a step or two to smell the earth. It is enough; the sight is on his shoulder and I let go. He swings round once, shaking his head, and then rolls over with all four legs in the air. I give a whoop of triumph, for those great antlers are mine, and I

rush down the hill for the possible chance of a long shot at one of the stags on the opposite hill. They are 500yds. away at least, and all jammed together in a solid pack as a result of the shot. A little forest of antlers stands out above a darkness of bodies. It is hopeless to fire, as the stags are all at the back, and I must wait till they start out and run. Now they are off, tearing over the hills in a mad race. One stag shows to the right on the skyline and I salute him with two shots. But it is hopeless, as I cannot see the striking point of the bullets. A loud call on the part of Albert now directs my attention to the stag I had shot, and I see him struggling to regain his feet, so I at once place a bullet through the lungs, which produces immediate collapse. The first shot, it seems, had gone a little too high and too far forward between the neck and shoulder.

It had seemed to me that the main herd had displayed an unusual fear and hurry to be off after the first shot; but this was

at once explained by the appearance on the skyline and close in the rear of the retreated herd of a large, yellow beast with long, flowing tail. Of course, it was Barney. Barney had either smelt the deer or been scared by the shots, and was off to camp as hard as his legs could carry him. He had broken his head-rope and was free as the air. To add to his own fears and those of the caribou, my skin coat containing the camera flapped and bumped with every stride, and this accelerated his departure. This was a misfortune, as the evening was fine and I had hoped to secure some nice pictures of a Cassiar caribou, so I sent off Albert to try and catch the runaway; but he presently returned with the news that the horse was miles away and nothing

short of other horses would stop him. As a matter of fact, Barney reached the neighbourhood of our camp, a distance of ten miles, and then drove the other horses another ten miles down to the lower levels, where Jimmy, after much effort and language, recovered them on the following day.

My stag is as fine a specimen of Osborn's caribou as has ever fallen to the rifle of a sportsman. True, the horns were not long—only 40in.—but the quality is attained by their great thickness—13in. round the top palms and five three good points. The beautiful symmetry of the head is attained by the length and "wildness" of the fine snags of the upper branches, some of which are 17in.

long, forming in places a double row. I have killed many fine stags in other lands, but I shall always remember that day on the glorious Tuya Mountains when a little self-restraint met with a result equal to one's highest hopes.



A FINE CASSIAR HEAD.



OUR PACK-HORSES.



## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

A GLANCE AT THE GENERAL POSITION AT MICHAELMAS.

**T**HIS is, or should be, the end of the farmer's year; a time to take stock of his position and consider his course for another season. In doing this his thoughts will be directed far beyond his own farm, and pass in review the ever-changing values of his produce as they are affected by supplies from at home and abroad. Wheat is selling at a fair price; shall he plant a larger breadth? Beef is comparatively dear; shall he buy in more stores to fatten? Mutton is absurdly cheap; shall he decrease his flock? Such questions as these naturally present themselves; but the wise farmer will not be greatly influenced by them, but will keep steadily to those proportions of crops and stock for which he knows his farm to be suitable. It is in the improvement in the quality of his stock by more careful and yet more enterprising breeding, and by more scientific cultivation, selection of seed and correct manuring of his crops that he will find his true line of progress. Speaking of the harvest as a whole, I think it is the most disastrous since 1879; but the lucky men on warm, early soils, who even this year finished harvest in August must have an enormous advantage and be getting good prices. It will, therefore, be a most uneven year for arable farmers, some doing very well indeed, and others finding their balance on the wrong side of the sheet. Cattle have done fairly well in the pastures, and have come to market in better condition than they did last year, while prices have stood at an appreciably higher level. The dark side of the picture is the low price of sheep. A leading Scotch paper attempts to show that it is possible to produce mutton profitably at 7½d. per lb. In the first place, there is very little indeed fetching so much, and even the figure mentioned indicates that stores must be proportionately low. This is only saying that the grazier is to be saved at the expense of the breeder. There has just been a sudden and very substantial advance in the price of frozen mutton, the "trusts" or "rings" arbitrarily forcing it up by about 1d. per lb. within a week. If they maintain their position some benefit must accrue to English producers. In the Central Market last week the best New Zealand frozen was making 3s. per stone, while prime Scotch was only worth 4s. and good English 3s. 8d. I saw carcasses of young ewes from the West of England selling at 2s. 2d. Surely this state of things cannot last, but at present the frozen meat is commanding the market. The present position and prospects of the wool trade are good, and ought to keep up the value of stores, especially with a heavy crop of roots. Pigs of all classes are dear, and likely to remain so for the winter. That farmers as a body are not losing heart from a wet season may be argued from the brisk demand existing for farms.

### THE BARLEY MONTH.

In the olden days we heard of the nut brown ales of October and of the virtues of a March brew; but that was in the days when there were many little maltings dotted about the country-side and many a brewery to take their products. Now, small maltings and small breweries have been absorbed, until even these large ones must absorb one another. On the other hand, the producers of barley remain much the same, and they have fewer customers to deal with; hence they must not produce what they can grow, but rather that which they can sell, and barley buyers become more and more particular as the years roll on. All might be well even now if barley-growing farmers would sacrifice quantity for quality. If they would attain show honours they must do this. But the farmer has to weigh up which pays best, to produce bulk or to produce quality. Is the range of price such as to make him sacrifice the one for the other? Until this problem is effectively solved, so of a very certainty will the farmer scatter his seed barley at the feet of the folded sheep, and as certainly will he in August cut deep yellow barley that will carry the sheepfold taint over the malting floor into the beer barrel. He has grown for bulk and he has obtained it. But the sample is not every barley-dealer's money. But a quality sample is. A first-class man is always only too willing to handle a first quality sample, and, furthermore, pay a first-class price for it. This week I have had the pleasure of attending two barley shows—one in the provinces, the other in London.

Twelve years ago the farmers of Dorset complained that they could not obtain top value for their produce. Corn buyers retorted, "You do not grow the produce we require." The result of this was that all the farmers' clubs of Dorset united in promoting a malting barley and other grain exhibition. That exhibition has been of incalculable benefit in showing what should and what should not be produced, or, if produced, should or should not be exhibited. At that first show there were barleys reeking of the sheepfold with gin awns, or else with the ends of the grain completely smashed to be a mass of mould on the maltster's floor. The wheats were full of clivers and wild oats, and the oats were more like an admixture of corn with flint grit for poultry rather than food to afford sustenance to the hunter. On Saturday last there was a startling contrast to this. The barleys, though far from being ideal, were yet of a superior character; a lot had been grown after roots still. But in the threshing and dressing the change was revolutionary. More attention had been paid to the selection of seed. Some years ago Mr. Bedford, who secured this year's championship of the show, was fortunate enough to receive a small sample of the champion barley at the Brewers' Exhibition in London. Instead of carrying it about and showing it to his neighbours as a curiosity he planted it, and has thereby gained a very fine stock of high-class barley, with which he has won many prizes. His champion lot this year was of beautiful quality, kindly and mellow. It was grown on light loam over a sandy subsoil after trifolium and mustard, following rye. But then his crop was only eight sacks per acre; the reserve in the class grew fourteen sacks per acre. Now, supposing the first sample of eight sacks to the acre was sold at £2 per quarter, the gross return would be £8. If the reserve was sold at 30s. per quarter, a wide margin, the return for bulk would be £10. 10s. per acre, or more than rent value. Can, therefore, a farmer be blamed for growing bulk at the expense of quality?

The Brewers' Exhibition has shown that the prize barleys were grown in favoured sunny districts. The championship and the reserve championship

both have gone to that favoured strip of land around Porlock and Minehead where, if there is any sun at all, it is sure to be caught and utilised in those warm paddocks, while the Atlantic breezes do not allow moisture to remain long enough to darken and thereby harm the grain. It has never happened before that the champion should be a Chevalier and the reserve a Gellthorpe, both from one district. The other remarkable feature is the success of Ireland. But it should be remembered that some portions, particularly the South of the Emerald Isle, has had an exceptional amount of sunshine this year. The great feature of the barleys at the Brewers' Exhibition is not so much their high degree of excellence—the harvest season has been against this—but in the absence of fools' exhibits there is hardly a badly threshed and dressed sample to be seen. Yet what rough ones were sent only a few years ago. Once again it has been revealed that early sown samples have done best. Seldom, indeed, do they borrow anything of a late one. E. W.

### THE EDUCATION OF THE FARM LABOURER.

When writing a short article for the columns of COUNTRY LIFE in the spring of this year on the above subject, I pointed out that the present system of education in our village schools was unfitted for lads who eventually become farm labourers, and that they are taught too many subjects, "The result being that most boys after a year or two on the farms read and write very moderately, are extremely hazy about figures, and quite forget all about the other subjects with which they have been crammed." The former finds that these lads when fifteen years old are of no more value as labourers than boys were formerly at the age of eight years to ten years. In short, whereas years ago village boys' hands were trained but not their heads, to-day their heads are muddled and their hands untrained. Now that the Boards of Agriculture and Education seem to be attempting to alter the present system of rural education, I venture to send you an outline of a scheme which I advocated as far back as 1898, when I began to notice that the lack of skilled labour on farms was becoming a serious question.

### A SCHEME FOR THE EDUCATION OF THE FARM LABOURER AS SUGGESTED IN 1898.

How much time, money and trouble is taken up every year in trying to improve machinery or livestock; in experiments to endeavour to grow heavier crops, or crops at less expense, to feed or rear cattle quicker or more economically than formerly! Foreign competition compels agriculturists to use every endeavour to decrease the cost of production or increase the output from the farm more than ever it did. Nearly every farmer says, "It is the labour that beats us." "It is not a question of rent so much as the wages bill," and yet although everyone has attempted to cut down the outlay on manual labour on their farms, how many are there who attempt to improve their labourers so as to get more value for their money? Any practical method by which agricultural labourers can be improved will, I believe, be the greatest boon to both master and men. We have agricultural colleges with farms attached where the rising generation of farmers can learn scientific and some practical farming. Why not have farms on which to instruct the young labourers how to do their part of the work more skilfully? I should like to see some such scheme as the following tried, and for choice by some English landlord or combination of agriculturists. Say a farm or farms were hired and a first-class practical manager employed; for, after all, the success would depend mainly on him. The most skilful head horseman, stockman and shepherd, and, in fact, all heads of departments, obtainable should be procured; then take on the farm for the other labour young lads that have just left school, feed and house them in return for their work, train them to whatever employment they seem most suitable for or for which they have an inclination, and, when the manager can give them a certificate as competent in any particular branch of farmwork, I believe the demand for them would be unlimited, and the fact of these lads holding the certificate would make them command a higher wage. If it was found practicable to teach the lads in the winter evenings a little about the anatomy of livestock, their habits, the symptoms of their common ailments and how to treat them, a theoretical knowledge of farm machinery or other useful lessons, so much the better, but outdoor practice first. The fact to be considered is: Would there be much loss, if any, on the farm? This would depend to a large extent on the management. The work performed by the boys ought to cover the cost of their board, lodging and clothing. I do not think the ordinary farm labourers could afford even a slight premium for their sons. Would it pay a farmer to give a small sum to apprentice a quick, active lad, provided he had the first offer of the youth for a stated time at the end of his training at a fixed wage? I think, perhaps, some farmers might agree to such terms, and if a few of the many liberal landlords sent one or two lads from their estates as an experiment, I believe in time tenant farmers, if not the lads' parents, would find it answer their purpose to apprentice boys. Then, again, each county has different methods of carrying out a given style of work suitable to its own soil and climate; and even the treatment of farmstock and the implements and machinery used vary considerably in different districts. If, for instance, however, an Eastern Counties' Light-land and an Eastern Counties' Heavy-land Training Farm or, better still, one combining the two descriptions of soil, were started and backed up by practical agriculturists, I firmly believe the farm could be made to pay its way, and in the event of the number of lads in time outgrowing the labour required on the farm, I see no reason why adjoining farmers would not, at any rate at certain seasons, employ some of them, if under a competent "ganger," and pay the school the value of the lads' work. The training farm would produce nearly all the food the lads require. Housing the lads would probably be the most expensive item; but perhaps at the start the head-men could each board a certain number of lads if it was too costly to house them, as in our large middle-class boarding-schools. Of course, if there were sufficient funds the latter plan would be the better, as the lads would then be under the supervision of a house-master and be subject to strict rules and stern discipline. W.



E. A. White.

"LAKE LEMAN LIES BY CHILLON'S WALLS."

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## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## THE SHADOW.

BY

JESSIE LECKIE HERBERTSON.



DAMARIS stooped to the gate and thrust it wide. She stood erect in the wind and the wavering sunlight and looked up and down the waste of shore. Before her tussocks of sand-grass rose in a gentle swell, concealing the seashore; but the sound of the waves running in upon and sucking back the loose shingle made a clear murmur in the air. Above the dunes the sails of a fishing-smack crossed the sky's dull grey and blue; it moved fast before a freshening wind.

Damaris was bare-headed. The sunlight caught the browns and reds of fine silken hair wound in a loose plait. It accentuated the characteristic lines of a grave face.

Behind her a cobbled path led to the door of the cottage she had just left. At the parlour window a man's face showed itself, a sensitive and yet cold face in which were set the eyes of a dreamer.

Damaris's mother, stooping to thrust at the fire, said harshly: "Why don't you follow her?"

He started and half turned. The book in his hand dropped on the shabby carpet.

She said: "I mean it. Why don't you follow her?"

He rested his long hand on his knee. He questioned: "Follow her! Where?"

She made a wide gesture. "To the ends of the earth. . . . No, to Dunwich. She is walking there, by shore, to-day; it lies on the other side of the old abbey. . . . We wanted to find a little maid to work for us; but there is always Damaris's father's story. . . ." She called shrilly, "Damaris! Damaris!"

The girl at the gate turned her head and caught a glimpse of the man's distressed face. She set her lips and swung the gate back and closed it from the outside.

Damaris's mother threw a log upon the fire. A shower of sparks sprang out at her; one, more long-lived than its fellows, clung, gleaming, upon her hand. She blew upon it, a smile on her lips.

The man rose suddenly, sprang to the door and was gone. He ran lithely across the mossy grass that fringed the roadside. He overtook the brown-clad figure ere she had had time to gain the second rise.

She turned when he came abreast. "Go back," she said. She came to a pause, facing him, "I asked you to go back."

He answered, without emotion, "I'm coming on. That's why I sought out your hiding-place; that's why I am here to-day."

She turned and began to run. After a momentary hesitation he ran, too.

The day was cold, dark, sombre, despite the sun's straggling rays. Away on their right the sea stretched endlessly, a mass of heaving grey-green fringed with white. On their left the eyes were wearied with an endless waste of marsh, dotted with stunted trees, bare of outline, grazed upon by small black herds. A wet autumn sky, lowered in leaden blue to the horizon-line, was merged in it.

Upon the wind a rush of fresh rain beat suddenly upon them, and as suddenly desisted. They slackened speed under its attack; their eyes with a common purpose in them swept the waste of sea and land. She said, "I am going to Dunwich by shore, then on to Dingle."

"I know."

She wheeled about, her sombre eyes on his. "I wrote to you."

"Yes."

She said, bitterly, "I have nothing to give you."

Again he said, "I know. But it is pleasant to be near you again." He had turned a stubborn face to the shore.

She exclaimed, "If it pleases you!" Her brows were close-drawn and her lips set fast; there was storm in her eyes.

They passed the sluice and a great windmill wheeling heavily in the wind. She left him and made her way to the water's edge. The roll of the tide deafened her, the wind caught her and buffeted her; she was like some storm spirit; the bleak sea upon her right, sand-cliffs towering upon her left, the ruins of the old abbey, shrouded in the mystery of distance, looming ahead. He stared before him. The spell of this arid land had caught him, the spell of this arid woman.

He had diverged from his own path. They were walking still apart, she at the water's edge, he at the cliff's foot. He glanced back at her; the wind had caught her gown and wrapped it about her, had loosened her red-brown hair and blown it into a veil for her face. She paused even now while he glanced back; she stared up at the old abbey. He knew that she thought of the dead men and women buried at its feet.

She called to him: "Some day, you and I. . . . Then nothing will matter. . . ."

They turned inland beyond the abbey. A second shower brought them beneath the boughs of a gnarled yew. They watched the rain drift by in grey masses driven before the wind. The sky cleared and sunlight broke through, each hanging rain-drop became a sparkling gem.

They climbed a long country lane and emerged upon the open; a vista of golden broom-clad pasture-land spread away before them. The air was scented with the feathery bloom, alive with the hum of bees. The clouds overhead were broken, scattered, sun-edged.

They were close upon their destination, a little handful of cottages, smuggled together between two hills.

Damaris questioned, "Will you come in with me?" She had broken off a sprig of yellow bloom; she turned it about in slim fingers, not looking at him.

But he thrust open the gate for her and followed her down the path. A dog in a cottage near by barked and strained at its chain. From an open door a man in a white smock stared at the strangers with curiosity, glancing up from his midday meal. A child, playing in the road, ran crying to its mother.

Damaris knocked, and there was the sound of scuffling from within. The door was opened to them after a pause. Within a young girl and an old woman had risen from the table. The young girl still held a cup in her hands; she had big blue eyes and a pretty frightened face; she gazed at Damaris beseechingly.

The room was dark, but not gloomy. A bright fire burned in the grate, and the walls were covered with coloured prints that arrested the eyes. A little netted curtain, screening the window, made a background for a score of flower-pots, and in these scarlet and white geraniums bloomed.

The old grandmother drew forward chairs for them. She seated herself and looked at them shrewdly; there was the wisdom and tolerance of beautiful old age in her faded blue eyes and hesitating voice.

She began, upon a tender reminiscent note, to tell them the story of Daisy's courtship, her fancies and her foolishness.

Damaris said, "But what does all this mean?" Her tone was cold.

The girl Daisy wrapped her apron about her arms, then unfolded it and smoothed it out. A soft pink rushed into her cheeks. She raised her eyes to Damaris, then to the old grandmother.

"Daisy ain't going out to service, Miss, arter all. No, there ain't no mistake; she was going, but she have changed her mind. . . . There was a story, a bit of foolishness of Daisy's father's. . . . Daisy was always thinking of it and keeping John waiting. . . . But John ain't never given it a



thought, and she have learnt what loving means. . . . The past's buried, Miss."

There was a little silence in the room. Damaris Garland said to herself, "The past's buried." She envied this girl who could bury the past. Her eyes fell upon her; she wanted to say something to her—hesitated, smiled.

The old grandmother, murmuring, followed to the door. She said, "I be sorry to have brought you up this way, Miss. But there be naught that can stand up against love."

It was dusk when they reached the shore. Night, sure-footed, was creeping towards them across the marshes, the wind had fallen, the tide was running out.

Neither of them had spoken since they left the cottage; they pressed forward in silence into the luminous gloom.

Damaris Garland knew in her heart that nothing. . . . But no!

Her defences were down; did he guess that?

He said to her, once, "The past's buried."

She did not answer.

Again a shower beat upon them and a pale radiance appeared in the darkening sky. . . . She paused to see the last of the daylight fade from the old ruins above them. . . . He came behind and laid his hands upon her shoulders, and stooped and kissed a rain-wet cheek. . . .

## PATENS.

OF all church pieces, plates are to be found in greatest number. And the reason is not to be discovered in the fact alone that they played many and varied parts, but that their renewal after a bruising life was a matter which taxed neither household resources nor parish economies. Of all domestic vessels they were the most numerous and the least costly. Elevated to ecclesiastical uses, they served principally as alms-dishes, and this fact must account for a large proportion of the number to be found in parish churches. Many of these still collect the offerings of generous parishioners—a piece of silent cloth at the bottom of the dish contributing privacy to the contribution, and longevity to the plate. Some of the higher class specimens, emblazoned with the sacred monogram, were elevated to the

called a peripatetic piece, and was destined "to round" the table as a salver, a waiter, in ordinary parlance. Relieved of its touring responsibilities, it served as a coaster on which to rest the drinking-cup, porringer, tankard, etc. Its appearance coincided with the reign of Charles II.; its disappearance with that of the second George. During Cromwell's tenure of office and the reigns of Charles II. and James II., large dishes on a central foot were found in combination with covered candle-cups, and those were used both as rose-water dishes and as stands for cups.

The old alms-dish survives in considerable numbers, and is to be found in wood, as well as in brass and pewter. The most interesting examples of the latter are the Scotch specimens, which occasionally contain a cup or receptacle in the centre of



PATEN PLATES.

communion table, where they did duty as patens. A third use, discovered in a churchwarden's account of the Church of St. Michael, in Bedfordshire, "neere the Cittie of Worster in the County and Dioces of Worster, taken the eightwenty day of May Anno Dom. 1641" affords yet another explanation of their great number:

Two flagon pewter pottes for the Wine at the Caion, the one Pottle, the other three pints.

Two Pewter Plates to sett under the said flagon upon the Caion Table to preserve the Cloth and Carpett from spillings of wine.

The pewter paten did not follow the many variations of its silver model. The latter included the ordinary plate, the circular salver on foot, the small square tray on four feet, the paten on baluster stem, the cover-paten and the low paten with cover surmounted by a cross, resembling a dwarf ciborium. The "Romanist" reproductions, which included chalices with covers finialled with crosses—in reality ciboria—were probably of Laudian influence. The only existing pewter patens are those of pre-Reformation date—small, circular, with central depression to fit the chalice and hold the wafer-bread for the priest—and the two specimens of post-Reformation origin—the ordinary pewter plate, with or without wide rim, and the paten-on-foot. Of the first, it is safe to believe that when the ordinary plate was designed especially for paten use it had usually a wide rim and, on occasion, was emblazoned with the sacred monogram. Its narrow-rimmed confrère graduated, no doubt, direct from domestic service. The paten-on-foot, tazza-salver, silver-paten, or bread-holder, as it was variously called, entered the church during the seventeenth century and was of domestic origin. There is, I know, a pious tenacity of claiming for it an ecclesiastical nature, but this is not the case. Domestically, the paten-on-foot was what might be

the dish for holding the coins of higher value. This cap would correspond in place to the elevated boss in the centre of the pewter salver bearing the coat of arms in coloured enamel. Of these time produces a gradually increasing number. The first Pewter Exhibition of 1904 revealed the existence of two fine specimens, said to have been made "with others" for the express use of Charles I. At the last Exhibition of Pewter (1908) this number had increased to four exhibits, and several other specimens have since come unexpectedly to my notice. As in the case of other domestic vessels, the salver also found its way into church precincts, where it served as an alms-dish. In several of the churches of the City of London there are

a considerable number of alms-dishes made of pewter, and a set of four made in the early part of the seventeenth century, at St. Katherine Cree, and one at St. Olave, Hart Street, with centre bosses decorated with the Royal Arms in enamel are especially interesting. The boss of one of the St. Katherine Cree dishes is decorated with the Prince of Wales's feathers in enamel and the letters C. P. This church, it will be remembered, was consecrated by Archbishop Laud when he was Bishop of London, and very likely these dishes were presented by King Charles I. . . . St. Alban, Wood Street, has four pewter dishes made in the middle of the eighteenth century, also decorated with the Royal Arms in enamel on the crosses. ("Communion Plate of the Churches in the City of London," by Edwin Freshfield, Jan. 1894.)

In the parish church (St. Mary) of Mildenhall, Suffolk, there are two pewter salvers with central boss in enamel bearing the coat of arms of Charles I., the Royal initials C.R., and the date 1648; these are now used as alms-dishes.

To those who know, it matters not; but to those who in happy ignorance cling to the belief that all that is used in churches must be of ecclesiastical origin, it is a painful duty to have to insist that since the Reformation, almost every branch

of church plate has been supplied from domestic sources, and in fairly numerous cases has presumably served domestic wants before the transfer to church precincts. Chalice that once were cups, patens that served as plates, flagons that may have poured both water and wine, alms dishes, basins, porringers, did double duty on board and communion-table, and for the reason that the rubrics of the Reformed Church did not demand an invariable adherence to ecclesiastical models. This latitude must, I believe, owe its origin to that clause in the Communion Service of the First Prayer Book of Edward VI., which says:

Then shall the minister take so much Bread and Wine, as shall suffice for the persons appointed to receive the holy Communion, laying the bread upon the corporas, or els in the paten, *or in some other comely thing*, prepared for the purpose. And putting ye wine into the Chalice, *or els in some faire convenient cup*.

The italicised words represent the open door through which passed the numerous pieces of domestic plate, which in many parts of England still minister to ecclesiastical needs. In the Catholic Church, the alternative was never allowed with chalice or paten, but we do find in early wills, best capes, cloaks, etc., left to be transformed into vestments; jewels, gold and silver plate to be melted down for the making of monstrances, ciboria, etc. Perhaps the most remarkable bequest was the gift of Petronella, Countess of Leicester, who gave her beautiful hair, from which was to be suspended the silver sanctuary lamp of St. Mary of the Meadows, the Abbey Church of Leicester.

To the sensitive mind, there is, no doubt, a disturbing effect in the ecclesiastical use of private or personal belongings; but if the transfer be understood in the light of the intention of the donor, much of the repugnance, if I may use so strong a term, will, of necessity, disappear. The mental attitude of him who gives, and the understanding of Him who receives, must of necessity supernaturalise both giver and gift. This is equally true of Catholic and Protestant. If, therefore, the clause in the Prayer Book of Edward VI. is responsible for a certain confusion of domestic and ecclesiastical vessels, it must also be admitted that it enabled the beneficent parishioner to take from his private plate pieces of special beauty or interest to celebrate perhaps a beloved date, an event of importance, to pay an indebtedness, possibly of gratitude, calling for eager consummation. Repentance, also, has opened the hand of generosity, and chalices may still be pouring atonement for transgressions unrecorded but in the book of life. ANTONIO DE NAVARRO.

## HOME-BRED WOODCOCK IN THE HIGHLANDS.

**I**N Lower Badenoch and Strathspey large numbers of these birds are bred annually. As elsewhere, the home-bred birds are decidedly on the increase, while the number of "fliers" which reach us in autumn are decreasing. The explanation of this is probably that on the homeward migration in March the birds find a greater extent of suitable nesting-ground than in former days, owing to the growth of



PRE-REFORMATION PATEN.

is on the homeward migration we must rely for our supply of home-bred birds.

We must now consider what takes place when the breeding season comes to an end, and must remember that two broods are reared in the season. Thus the early hatched broods will undoubtedly be able to migrate, should they wish to do so, at least a month before the late broods can travel far. With regard to the latter, they are generally shot in September and October, probably when the woods are shot through for rabbits and black-game. They will still be in the neighbourhood of the home where they were reared. The early broods, however, have a curious knack of disappearing a few days before the woods are shot. Up to a certain date—generally about the end of July—they may be seen flying on well-defined routes, uttering the two notes characteristic of this period—the croak generally followed by a squeak. In my opinion, this energetic flying, in which the whole broods may be seen taking part, is a preliminary to departure, the powers of the young being tested with a view to prolonged flight. No other theory seems to account for it, courting being out of the question at this season. Night after night we may watch them by the light of a summer moon, till at length there comes an evening when the "roads" are deserted and the home-bred cock have gone.

Two proprietors—one in Inverness-shire, the other in Perthshire—decided to shoot their home-bred cock early in August, as in preceding years they had lost them altogether by leaving them till September. The former took a line of guns and beaters through a pine wood with deep bracken and birch, where a large number were known to have bred. The ground was beaten closely with spaniels, and only one woodcock was seen. A few days later this gentleman went to shoot with his friend in Perthshire in woods where forty or fifty cock could be seen any evening in July. They found only a few late broods, cheepers and their parents, which were spared. At this time the writer made the discovery that the home-bred birds had returned to the wood in Inverness-shire or that another flight had appeared. He then secured about forty within a few days. In all probability the fact is that during August small flights of home-bred cock are moving about the Highlands, but we are generally too busy with grouse and deer to notice them. The woods are seldom beaten till later, probably at the worst time of all as regards woodcock,



BREAD-HOLDERS OR SILVER PATENS: EARLY XVIII CENTURY.

*i.e.*, in the first three weeks of October. It seems to me that on arrival in March the low-lying woods are occupied as nesting sites, for the keen spring frosts are still gripping the high grounds and the hill bogs are sealed by ice. Here the birds are content to remain so long as food is plentiful, and, as a matter of fact, must remain till the broods are reared. The old birds, indeed, must remain till the second broods are strong on the wing. The early broods, however, as already described, vanish from their breeding-grounds, moving about in small flights, and eventually scattering throughout the higher woods and in suitable places among the moors and rocks.

Throughout August and September we find them in the green bracken among the woods and on the moors, this, with the first autumn frosts, being the great resort of insect-life. As soon as the bracken falls their best shelter has gone, and they then spread over the moors, being flushed at times by the gunner when in pursuit of grouse. Here there are always

"lingers," and there are certain woods within my knowledge where a cock can always be found until a severe snowstorm clears them out. The movements of the home-bred cock thus seem to fall under two headings—those of the early broods and those of the late broods with their parents. The former appear to move as soon as possible to the higher woods and hills before vanishing altogether about the end of September. Their places are then taken by the late broods, which are inevitably mixed up with the migrants, the latter arriving with the greatest regularity in the first week of November. We in the Highlands claim that we can distinguish them by appearance and size in November, but it is quite impossible to do so after the New Year, when all the "fliers" have settled into winter quarters. The home-bred birds are larger and lighter in colour, the difference in size being remarkable. The inference is that the migrants, coming from a colder climate, are somewhat later and younger birds, and have not yet developed their full plumage.

H. B. MACPHERSON.

## THE WHITETHROAT.

A FREQUENTER of hedge and country road, the whitethroat is found all over Britain from April to September. Few, indeed, are the country-sides which are not brightened by this lively little creature's antics and song, especially during the nesting-time. It may often be seen perched on the top of a bush singing its short and not unpleasant song, or, perhaps, turning and twisting in the air, intent on the capture of some insect, or hunting along the undergrowth of a hedge for some tempting morsel. Its chief food is insects, and during the season berries of various kinds may be included.

The plumage of the male whitethroat, though of sober shades, is extremely pretty. The head is a smoky grey; the back, wings and tail, grey-brown; the feathers of the latter two parts edged with a rusty brown; the throat is white (best seen when the bird is in song); the breast is a pinkish brown shading off into buff towards the under parts. The female is a general brown with the white throat not so distinct as in the male. They build their nests in varied situations, but are partial to the tangle of a bramble or the thorny recess of the wild rose growing among nettles. The nest is rather deep and is composed of dry grass loosely interlaced and supported by the surrounding herbage. Inside it is lined with fine grass and horsehair. The eggs vary in number and shade; usually five are laid, of a greenish white ground colour, speckled and spotted with greenish grey and brown, mostly towards the larger end. When hatched, for the first few days the young lie in a helpless condition, seemingly without life. But very soon they start up at the slightest sound, crane and stretch out their necks, expecting some tit-bit to be placed down their throats.



HER SOFT HAZEL EYE FIXED ON THE CAMERA

This year I had a pair of whitethroats under close observation during the last days of May and all through June. They commenced nesting on May 29th, selecting a bank within a few feet of the road. The bank was covered with bramble and nettles, and in a clump of the latter they started to construct their tiny home. It was the usual frail-looking nest of dry grass. After half completing it they for some reason abandoned this nest and commenced building a second one not far away, among some tall grass and nettles. I watched them building for two days, and apparently they were in no hurry to complete this nest. Finding the place suitable, I determined to try a photograph of the bus at this occupation next day.

On June 2nd, at 4 p.m., concealing the camera a few feet from the now almost completed nest, I retired to some bushes and hid myself, but through the glass could see the nest distinctly. I had not long to wait before the female made her appearance with a piece of grass, which she endeavoured to place in a position to her liking; three times she pulled the grass out and replaced it. On June 9th the nest contained five eggs, on which the female sat and with great reluctance left when disturbed. She jumped off the nest as I was parting the overhanging nettles, and commenced fluttering along the undergrowth in pretence of being winged, thinking, no doubt, by this trick she would draw my attention from her nest. Finding this no good, she hovered about, uttering a harsh, angry cry, and continued to do so until I was out of sight, after having placed the camera in position. Presently she cautiously approached the nest through the nettles, and, after a long and careful survey of the surroundings, sat down on her eggs, keeping her beautiful soft hazel eye fixed on the lens of the camera. To get a clear view of the nest I had pushed the nettles and grass between it and the camera; these the bird deftly and quickly drew together in front of her, and so obscured the view that I had to disturb her to clear them out of the way again.

I changed the plate at the same time and retired, giving her a long time to become quite settled. Thus she did, fluffing her feathers out and getting into the nest as far as possible, so that from the side only her beak and tail were visible. All the time the female was on the nest the male would keep up an incessant song. Perched on the highest branch of a tree near by, he would warble forth; sometimes from the midst of a bed of nettles where he had been hunting he would fling himself into



REARRANGING HER SURROUNDINGS.





HEAD AND TAIL ALONE VISIBLE.

the air and burst into song, with the mere joy of living, as it were. He was very pugnacious at times, and would drive any bird that came near the nesting-place out of bounds. But to see him at close quarters, not more than 3ft. away, in all the splendour of his summer dress, is indeed a pleasure. This pleasure I had on June 25th, when I photographed the birds feeding the young. The male came more frequently with food than his mate. He would approach the nest from behind, creeping through the dense tangle of nettles, all the time uttering a soft purring sound. Standing on the side of the nest, he would place a fly or juicy caterpillar into a youngster's mouth.

After delivering all the food, the parents saw to the sanitary arrangements of the house, removing any excreta in their bills and dropping it at a distance. A few days later four young left the nest (the fifth egg was added), two of which bore a small ring on the left leg with their number and address—"20, COUNTRY LIFE." Both birds were seen a week later in the neighbourhood, seemingly not in the least hampered by their jewellery.

V. G. L. VAN SOMEREN.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### PINES FOR WIND-BREAKS AND ORNAMENTAL PLANTING.

WHERE houses are placed in exposed positions it is often difficult to adequately furnish a garden without first forming a wind-break, for, leaving aside such items as ornamental trees and shrubs and other accessories to the pleasure grounds, fruit trees have to be considered, and one is not long in finding out how futile it is to make plantations of fruit trees in wind-swept districts. Near the coastline one often notices how difficult it is to grow really good deciduous trees without some protection. This is specially so along the flat, sandy coast of West Lancashire, where strong west and south-west winds prevail. There, it is the exception for several miles inland to find a really good tree unless some shelter has been provided. Where, however, a Pine belt has been planted as a screen, good trees are found. For general purposes the Scots Pine (*Pinus sylvestris*) is the most useful, for there are few places in the country where it will not grow, though occasionally a little humouring is necessary, and planting may have to be tried in several different ways before success is attained. The Austrian and Corsican Pines follow closely behind the Scots and they can be used in most places. For the warmer counties, however, the Monterey Pine (*Pinus insignis*), a Californian tree, is valuable, for it grows more rapidly than the others and seems quite at home in almost any position. Unfortunately, it cannot be grown successfully in the Midland or Northern Counties, but in Dorsetshire, Devonshire and Cornwall, and other places with a similar climate, it thrives amazingly. *Pinus Thunbergii*, a Japanese tree, has been spoken well of for a wind-break in the vicinity of the sea in Ireland, and it would probably answer well in other positions, as it grows vigorously in places where *P. insignis* does not thrive.

The density of planting depends largely on the position and the object for which the screen is desired. In some instances a double row of trees planted alternately at 10ft. or 12ft. apart may be all that is required, or again, a belt 20ft. wide may seem desirable. In the latter case it is advisable

to treat the screen as ordinary woodland and plant the trees 4ft. to 5ft. apart each way, thinning them out by removing poor ones, as thinning becomes necessary, until the trees stand 10ft. or so apart, taking care to keep the plantation to a uniform thickness. It is never advisable to plant large trees, for in even the best of cases the roots are generally quite inadequate to the heads, and great difficulty is experienced in establishing them. Plants 3ft. high are large enough for anything, while it is frequently better to plant trees 12in. to 18in. in height. These may be established more readily than larger ones and in the end make better trees. It may pay occasionally to stake the trees, where a double row only is planted, until they become established; but staking is not recommended, and when it can be done without, so much the better. As a rule, the growth made the first year after planting is not of much consequence, but after that the trees grow with great rapidity and soon fulfil the object for which they were planted.

### PINES FOR ORNAMENTAL PLANTING.

There are plenty of Pines for this purpose, for with the exception of a few scrubby species, such as *P. banksiana* and *P. cembroides*, the majority make fine trees. The value of old Pines in the landscape can hardly be over-estimated, for nothing looks more picturesque than a really old Scots Pine with a tall, straight trunk and rugged head of branches which has defied the storms of two or three centuries; and the same may be said of other species when mature. With many sorts we have, however, to be content with younger trees, and many of these form delightful subjects when well grown and in places suited to them; they are not many years in assuming presentable proportions. *Pinus insignis*, already alluded to, grows at a great rate, and a tree fifty years of age may be 70ft. high, with a trunk 12ft. or more round and an immense head of branches. Its outline is picturesque, and it is recognised by the bright green colour of its leaves. Other Pines suitable for the warmer counties are *P. Montezuma*, *P. Hartwegi* and *P. patula*, all Mexican species of some rarity. In other places the large-leaved *P. ponderosa*, *P. Coulteri*, *P. Jeffreyi* and *P. sabiniana* find friends, while the Cluster Pine (*Pinus Pinaster*) thrives in exposed positions and makes fine specimens; and the Stone Pine is distinct by reason of its short trunk and large flattened head of branches. *Pinus muricata* has curious cones, which stick on the branches for a long period, cones thirty or forty years old being common. *P. monophylla* forms a nice subject for a special place, as it is distinct and rare; while the same may be said of the Lace Bark Pine (*P. bungeana*). This is curious, by reason of the bark being shed annually in a similar manner to that of the Plane. *P. Laricio*, the Corsican Pine, and the variety *nigricans*, the



A JUICY TITBIT.

Austrian Pine, both form handsome trees; while Thunbergii and tuberculata are also of service.

The Strobilus group of Pines, of which the Weymouth Pine, *P. Strobus*, is the type, furnishes quite a distinct set of handsome trees. Better than the Weymouth Pine for ornament is the Himalayan or Bhotan Pine (*P. excelsa*). This has long, glaucous leaves and drooping cones, which are usually covered with resin. *P. Cembra* is remarkable for its stiff, fastigate habit, while *P. monticola* is more like *P. Strobus*, except that it has hairy shoots. The Hickory Pine (*P. Ayacahuite*) is an ornamental Mexican Pine, which produces very long cones; it attains the largest dimensions in the warmer counties. The extremely long cones of *Pinus lambertiana* (commonly called the Sugar Pine) make it of interest, for they are from 12 in. to 15 in. long when well grown; while *P. koraiensis*, *P. parviflora*, *P. Peuke* and the new *P. Armandii* are all trees worthy of attention from the planter. If a scrub Pine is desired for covering a bare bank where the ground is poor, *P. montana* should be used. Under some conditions it forms a tree, but more frequently it is of bushy growth a few feet high only. As in the case of trees planted for wind-breaks, those for ornamental purposes likewise should be put out into their permanent positions while quite small. Large Pines are troublesome to establish.

W. DALLIMORE.

#### THE BLADDER OR GROUND WINTER CHERRY.

ONE of the prettiest, most interesting and useful of the herbaceous plants that are conspicuous during the autumn months is the Bladder or Ground Winter Cherry, a plant that is scarcely noticeable during the summer months, when its small, dirty white flowers are almost, if not quite, obscured by the none too elegant foliage. In the later days of summer, however, the green fruits which follow these flowers are growing rapidly, and by the beginning of October have attained a large

size and turned a beautiful coral red hue which renders them of more than usual beauty. If examined these will be found to somewhat resemble miniature Chinese lanterns, the thin, large, paper-like part enclosing a much smaller fruit. To the botanist the plant is known as *Piscalis*, a fine form being *P. Franchetii*. If cut at the present time and hung in a cool place to dry the lantern-like fruits will retain their colour and last in good condition for several years, being exceedingly useful for decorations during the winter months when flowers are scarce. As these plants will thrive in almost any well-cultivated garden soil, provided they are given an open position, they should be grown far more extensively than they are at present. Propagation is easily effected by division of the spreading roots in late autumn or early spring.

#### THE HARDY CHRYSANTHEMUM.

During the autumn season the Chrysanthemum is one of the flowers that guide us on to the winter months. It is in the greenhouse and in the open garden, always bright, useful and interesting; but only within recent years has the interest in the hardy varieties deepened, in spite of the raising of flowers delightfully varied in colouring from snow white to those rich, distinct brown shades that seem a reflection of the woodland itself in the late months of the year. If it is possible to make a selection on the spot, so much the better, as then we can choose the shades most agreeable to individual fancies. A lesson may be derived from the Royal Gardens, Kew, in the value of grouping hardy Chrysanthemums to obtain rich pictures of colour late in the year, and the beauty of the flowers in the light of an autumn day is surprising, for then the exotics are uncomfortable in the colder air and storms of wind and rain. Two distinct classes are available—the "Pompon," that is, the small roundish flowers, and the "Japanese," which are much freer in every way, the petals narrow and spreading out in much the same way as those of the race of the same name in the greenhouse. Of the former *Little Bob*, chestnut crimson, and *L'Ami Conderchet*, soft yellow, are the two finest, and of the latter, *Mme. Desgranges*, one of the oldest and most beautiful of all, soft yellowish white, *Harvest Home*, crimson with a shade of gold in it, *Mychett White*, *Mme. la Comtesse Foucher de Careil*, orange red, *George Wernig*, deep yellow, and *Roi des Precoces*, crimson.

## HOW FOXES ESCAPE HOUNDS.

FOXES often obtain credit for cunning when they are simply frightened. Foxes, as everyone who has hunted hounds knows, vary a good deal in the matter of courage one from the other; but, speaking generally, hunted cubs are really frightened. Old foxes who have escaped before have the use of their wits. I have been watching cubs carefully for the last month, and they simply try to go anywhere to escape. They seem to have no definite aim. The scurrying about of a lot of young cubs is a very different matter to the methodical tactics of the older fox. Now there are, undoubtedly, in every country a number of cubs which grow to be foxes and have not been hunted at all. These, I think, are the foxes which give occasion to the paragraphs headed "Extraordinary device of a hunted fox." These extraordinary devices are simply panic. For example, the fox that scaled the roof of a house and then popped down the chimney into the drawing-room in a cloud of soot, frightening two old ladies. A hound was brought into the room, when the fox rushed up the chimney again. He was eventually got out, and, having been put down a field or two away, the hounds when brought up could not hunt him, as his soot-begrimed body gave no scent. His escape was accidental. There is, too, the well-known story of the fox that took refuge in a cradle—another instance of panic. So again I have known foxes to seek refuge in a flock of sheep, a herd of oxen or deer in a park.

But if a fox escapes after being hunted once or twice, as his strength increases with maturity and with it his courage he begins to make use of his wits to beat the hounds. We all know how a terrier, timid as a puppy, becomes bold as he grows older. We have seen a retriever puppy bullied by a lapdog, and the tables turned some months later. As he grows older the fox uses his wits to make his experience available, with the result that not seldom does he escape. There is one thing that is sometimes said of foxes, that they know whether there is a good or bad scent on any given day. But this I do not believe. The fox, it is said, hunts by scent; therefore he understands that he is himself being hunted, and, as his nose tells him where there is good or bad scent, he acts accordingly. To this theory there are two objections—first, that, though I am sure animals can and do draw simple inferences (indeed, I am going to show that a fox does this in some cases), yet I think this elaborate reasoning is rather beyond him; and, secondly, that the fox, though he winds his game and has a keen and sensitive nose, is rather a stalker than a hunter—he circumvents rather than runs down his game. The difference we note between the running of a fox on a bad scenting day and a good one is not in the fox, but in the hounds. Like all hunted animals, the fox runs according to the pressure put on him. The nearness and volume of the cry of the hounds determines his pace. When, as on bad scenting days, that cry is intermittent and light, the fox stops, listens and even lies down and waits. He goes no faster or further than he is obliged to. I think that that is one reason for desiring a musical pack; they will

give us better hunts. But it is not at all certain that a silent pack would not kill more foxes.

The use a fox undoubtedly makes of previous experience and of his wits is indeed remarkable enough without having recourse to any exaggeration by reading unlikely motives into his actions. Perhaps the best instance of this is his understanding of the sound proverb that "prevention is better than cure." The fox who has had a narrow escape often tries to avoid being hunted, and his devices to avoid this often succeed for quite a long time. There was a fox that lived snugly in a thick covert about three acres in extent. He was found there one day and ran straight and well to a distant covert, where he took refuge in a short drain. We could easily have got him out, but some of us pleaded for his life and the Master left him. That he came back I know; that he was not hunted again for two years I also know. The covert was drawn blank whenever hounds came, and at first we concluded either that he had gone somewhere else or that he had died, as hunted foxes often do, in his refuge. The holes in the covert were, of course, stopped when hounds were about. However, one non-hunting day I put him out of the covert with a terrier, so there was no doubt he was still there. But what he did was this: he trotted over two fields, climbed up the lean-to tool-shed on to an old garden wall and ran along the wall where he had a secure lair in the ivy. But how did he know when hounds were coming? I think—but of this, of course, no one can be quite sure—that it was the keeper coming to put barriers to the holes that warned him and caused him to make himself scarce. Again, many people will recollect the old fox in the Cattistock country who, when he heard the hounds coming, slipped out and went to a neighbouring sheepfold and lay down with the sheep. How had he squared the sheepdog? Well, he did, for the dog took no notice of him. One day, however, the shepherd was there and hollered. We had a great run, the fox escaped, and, for all I know, is alive now. The habit of leaving the covert on the first sign of danger and taking refuge elsewhere is a very common one and is the reason why there are so many outlying foxes. In parts of Hertfordshire foxes lie a good deal in the hedgerows. No doubt they often escape being hunted by doing this. That they are likely frequently to come to unnatural and untimely ends from the guns of rabbiters or are coursed and killed by stray greyhounds or lurchers are contingencies they cannot be expected to take into consideration.

No doubt there are many foxes which avoid being hunted at all. We know this is so in the case of the wild stags, and the fox can hide away much more easily than the stags. In every country there are trees and hedgerows, haystacks and ivy-covered walls, which are used regularly as refuges by foxes when hounds are about. I have known a fox to take the very simple method of leaving the covert and lying down in a furrow on a ploughed field outside until the hounds had gone on. Even the cleverest fox cannot always escape being hunted; but many are very difficult to kill and escape repeatedly. I think many people have



heard of the fox who disappeared in the neighbourhood of some farm-buildings on several occasions. His plan was to reach a wall by means of a shed, to run along the wall, jump on the top of the washhouse and thence to the roof, where he crouched close to the chimney-stack. It is quite easy to understand how this came about. The first time the fox tried this plan he was simply in a panic, but, as it was successful, he tried it again. The limits of a fox's intelligence may be inferred from the fact that if his plan is discovered he is generally killed; he has no other. That foxes should purposely run through flocks of sheep and herds of cattle is natural enough; all hunted animals seem to have some idea of obliterating the traces of their flight. The sideways leap of the hare or of the stag are obvious efforts to break the thread of scent and baffle their foes. The way animals lie motionless, knowing that as long as they are still they give off no scent, is probably what we call, for want of a better name, instinct, rather than active intelligence. But a combination of experience and wit is surely shown in the use foxes make of railways as a means of baffling their foes. Huntsmen, naturally, are very anxious to keep hounds off the line. No year passes without some hounds being killed by passing trains. I do not think that anyone who

and with a snarl and a snap sending him off to take his chance in front of hounds. Foxhounds seem to take more pleasure in the scent of the fresh fox than in that of the hunted one, at all events when the latter is beginning to fail. Foxes vary in impudence and boldness. I know an old fox that lives in a small wood on an estate where foxes are sacred. He takes toll of the poultry-yard in open day. Last week the hounds came to the covert in which he lives; they killed two cubs, but never found the old robber. But he was thereabouts, for he selected for his supper a fat and choice game pullet the very same evening from the farmyard. How this fox escapes is still a mystery, but I have now known him for two seasons, and I do not doubt that I shall find out some day. But there is one way by which foxes often escape hounds, and that is by sheer speed and endurance. They run the pack out of scent. These are the foxes that give us great runs. To do this the fox must be a mature one and he must obtain a good start. We are more likely to find him in the woodland than elsewhere. Somehow or other he will nearly always contrive to leave the covert when the hounds are on the other side. This is necessary to a great run. There are very



Ward Muir.

## RAIN ON THE MOORS.

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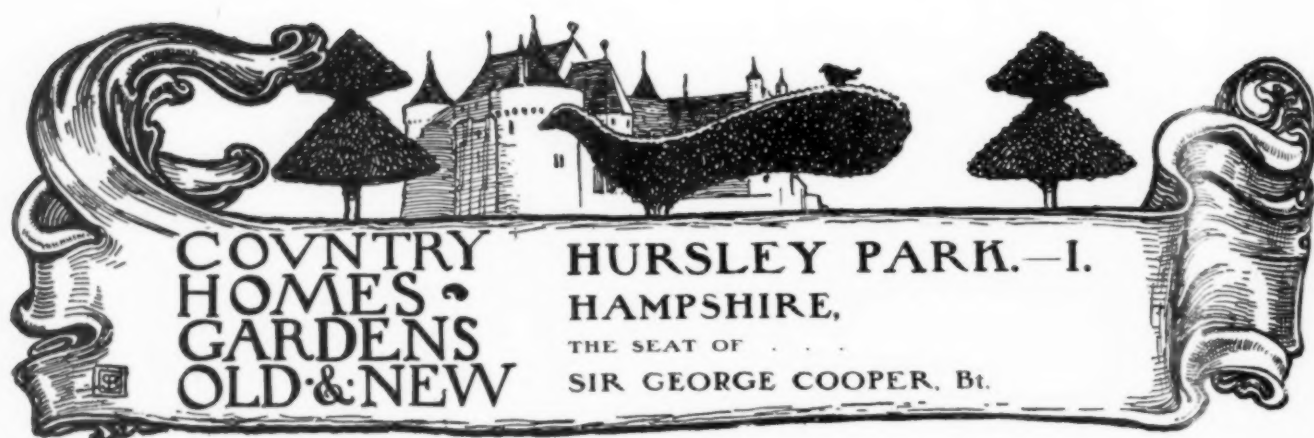
has hunted will doubt that foxes do understand that the railway baffles their foes. There is a story of a fox lying down between the metals when a train was crossing and springing up just in time, thus placing the train between himself and the hounds. This I have not seen, but what I did see in October, 1907, near Coryates Station has increased my respect for the fox's intelligence. A fox came away from a neighbouring covert and, climbing the embankment, lay down beside the rails under the shadow of the parapet of a bridge. This was clearly a splendid place of vantage. He could see his enemies, and whichever way they approached the railway he had a retreat open. Eventually hounds were taken away, and the fox, when the coast was clear, dropped quietly down the embankment and returned to the covert whence he came. On this particular occasion I was on foot, and found this instance of a fox's method of escape the most interesting event of my day. That foxes often do escape by means of railways everyone who hunts knows well.

There is another method of escape which old dog foxes often adopt. They rouse a substitute. An old fox is quite capable of driving a young fox out of a comfortable refuge in a hollow tree,

few foxes indeed that cannot be killed if they are pressed in the first ten minutes. But with a start a fox that travels on and on, never hurrying, with his easy, unwearying stride, will escape. He takes a turn down a hedgerow, passes through a flock of sheep and possibly goes a few hundred yards down a road, each of these *ma-cuvres* giving him a little more start. He goes on steadily and has no occasion to hurry, for with every mile they run his enemies are further behind. Now, if he keeps on long enough, he will be at last so far in front that the scent will barely serve. The fox that goes on and on is bound to win at last. There are plenty of other devices familiar enough, such as the fox that goes round and round a covert and never leaves it, the fox that circles round the covert, visiting every other opening, copse or gorse in the neighbourhood until all the other foxes are running about, and the hounds, hunting first one and then another, are obliged to give it up and go home without blood. Thus we see that all the wit of man and the elaborate machinery of a hunt are more often than not baffled by the simple devices of the fox. But it is our defeats by and not our victories over him that endears the fox to us above all other beasts of chase.

T. F. DALE.





**H**URSLEY is a Georgian house recently transformed by large additions and complete refitting. It may almost be said that the old house is gone and that a new one has taken its place. True, the north and south fronts of the old house are untouched, but the addition of the great wings to the east and west has entirely altered the scheme and balance of the house which Sir William Heathcote built soon after he purchased the estate in 1718. But though, as a general principle, the overwhelming of an old building by great enlargement is to be deprecated, it must at once be admitted that at Hursley no harm has been done and great improvement has been effected. Sir William built in excellent material from a good classic design, but that design was uncompromisingly square, in the manner of Wolterton, and without the outlying pavilions which, at Ditchley and elsewhere, give support to the central block. The result is that a house, of which the original design presented no particular or unusual architectural feature, has been given a far better outline and more stately presence by being enlarged into an H shape, like Belton, and presenting on both sides the appearance that Stoke Edith does to the south. The Georgian design lacked character and resembled dozens of others that have come down to us from that age. We, therefore, may welcome the change that has given it distinction, although we might have deplored the same process had it been performed on the house that Sir William Heathcote swept away when he built the central block which stands now.

Hursley is charmingly situated in a great, hilly and well-timbered park five miles south-west of Winchester, of whose bishops the parish was anciently a possession. Their manor, however, was not called Hursley, but Merton, and some of the

walling and much of the earthworks of their Castle of Merton may yet be seen in the park, north of the present house of Hursley. It was one of several—including that of Wolvesey in Winchester itself—which Bishop Henry of Blois erected in the disturbed reign of his brother, King Stephen. His successors continued to use it. Its hall was refitted under Henry III. and a bishop was resident there under Edward I. Though somewhat decayed, it was still habitable under Edward III., but had ceased to be so when it passed into lay hands under Edward VI. Winchester was one of the bishoprics which the hungry courtiers who ruled for the boy king considered to be unnecessarily well endowed, and Merton was one of the manors surrendered by Bishop T'oyne. It went to Sir Philip Hobby, one of Henry VIII.'s gallants and diplomats and Privy Councillors. Finding the castle in ruins, he built the "Great Lodge" in Hursley Park, and there his brother and nephew dwelt. In Charles I.'s time the whole estate was acquired by Richard Major, son of a Sheriff of Southampton. He is described as "witty and thrifty," and as having oppressed his tenants when "King Charles was put to death and Oliver Cromwell was Protector of England and Richard Major of his Privy Council and Noll's eldest son Richard was married to Mr. Major's Doll." Richard Cromwell was admitted to Lincoln's Inn in 1647, being then of age, but he "took no pains to gain a knowledge of the law, spending his time chiefly in the pursuits of pleasure." His father, although already the most powerful man in England, had modest views for his son's marriage, and so was willing that "the Lord's will be done," after he had satisfied himself concerning Mr. Major's estate. He met that gentleman in 1648 and "exceedingly liked his plainness and free dealing." But the negotiations as





"COUNTRY LIFE."

SOUTH FACADE

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SOUTH WALK.

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to money matters took much discussion and further interviews before it was fixed that Oliver Cromwell should provide a "juncture" of £400 a year in lands, and that Richard Major should settle "the manner wherein hee lived and 2000<sup>l</sup>. in monie." This meant that Hursley was to go to his daughter after his death, and meanwhile the young people were to live with him and have free board. This latter, Cromwell declares that he

would certainly be ready to provide them with "to enjoy the comfort of their societie, w<sup>ch</sup> itt's reason hee smarte for, if hee will robb mee altogether of them." Such were the modest matrimonial arrangements made for the man who ten years later was to enjoy a short-lived sovereignty. Meanwhile, he remained "idle Dick," and was "a very good neighbourly man while with us at Hursley," as his father-in-law's agent testified. He was



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NORTH ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



there during the year that saw Charles's head fall on the scaffold and England declared a Commonwealth. His father, busy with the subjugation of Ireland and Scotland and with the weaving of the web of his Lord Protectorate, had time to indite letters to his "loving brother," Major, complaining that his son is too idle to write to him. The Protectorship gained, Richard had to

Hursley Park? Probably the latter, for she is described to us, not as a great and ambitious lady, but as "a prudent, godly, practical Christian." Her prudence may have whispered to her that the tenure of Whitehall was too uncertain to make the move advisable. After a few months of occupation, "Richard by the grace of God Lord Protector" got peremptory orders to



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BOUDOIR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

bestir himself and become a public man. He sits for Hampshire in his father's tentative Parliaments of 1654 and 1656, and is of the stillborn House of Peers in 1658. Before that year is out he has succeeded his father and is no longer his father-in-law's lodger, but the occupant of Whitehall and Hampton Court. Of his wife we hear nothing during this period of grandeur. Did she rule over the Royal Palaces or remain at the Lodge in

pack up and be off at his earliest convenience, and he was again a private individual at Hursley while the Army failed to rule and all England prepared to welcome back the Stuarts. The Restoration found the ex-Protector in awkward and very undignified circumstances. He had not the satisfaction of being treated as an enemy to the State and as a high political offender. The Government ignored him. He was too unimportant to be

considered by them. But to another set of men he was of interest, and those were his creditors. To be in debt was normal to him. No doubt that was his condition as a bachelor, and it certainly was as a young married man. Now he found himself responsible not only for his own extravagances, but also for such State expenses as his father's regal funeral, while all grants of land that

lodgings in an obscure part of the city." There is, assuredly, great intensity of light and shade about this man's life. None of his family joined him. His wife lived on at Hursley for fifteen years and then their only son succeeded her in possession. The exile returned to England in 1680, but did not challenge his son's right to Hursley. He lived in seclusion at Cheshunt and wrote letters



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THE CROMWELL ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

had been made by Parliament to the Cromwells were resumed. His wife's estate, however, could not be touched: but she was unable or unwilling to meet his monetary requirements. So, two months after Charles II.'s return to Whitehall, his predecessor there slipped across the Channel, and we find him next, under an assumed name, in Paris, occupying "mean

to his daughters urging them to persuade their brother to marry and carry on the family. But this younger Oliver died a bachelor in 1705, and his sisters declared themselves his successors at Hursley. Their father was "superannuated"; he might have an allowance, but not the property. The law courts thought differently, and for the next few years the old man may



DRAWING-ROOM.

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"COUNTRY LIFE."





PEDISTAL AND URN IN DINING-ROOM. PALM LEAF AND RAM'S HEAD ORNAMENT, WITH INLAY, PROBABLY BY SHERATON OR HEPPLEWHITE.



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IN THE BILLIARD-ROOM.

C.L.

have again occasionally lived in the house where he had spent his early married life. But Cheshunt remained his home, and there he died in 1712, up to the last "so hale and hearty that at fourscore he would gallop his horse for several miles together." An easy-going disposition was his most valuable asset, and one which intriguing politicians, hungry creditors and unnatural daughters were unable to filch from him. Six years after his death his daughters sold the Hursley estate for £30,100 to Sir William Heathcote. Tradition relates that on becoming possessed of the house he "declared that because it had belonged to the Cromwells he would not let one stone or brick remain upon another." As a matter of fact, plans for the alteration and improvement of the Lodge were made, but owing to its dilapidated condition they were abandoned in favour of new construction. But if the tradition mistakes Sir William's motive, it correctly states his action. Marks in the turf on lower ground behind the present building alone tell of the Lodge which Sir Philip Hobby first built and which Richard Cromwell inhabited. A typical Early Georgian house took its place. Sir William purchased the estate in 1718, and 1724 is assigned as the date of his building. In the interval Gibbs



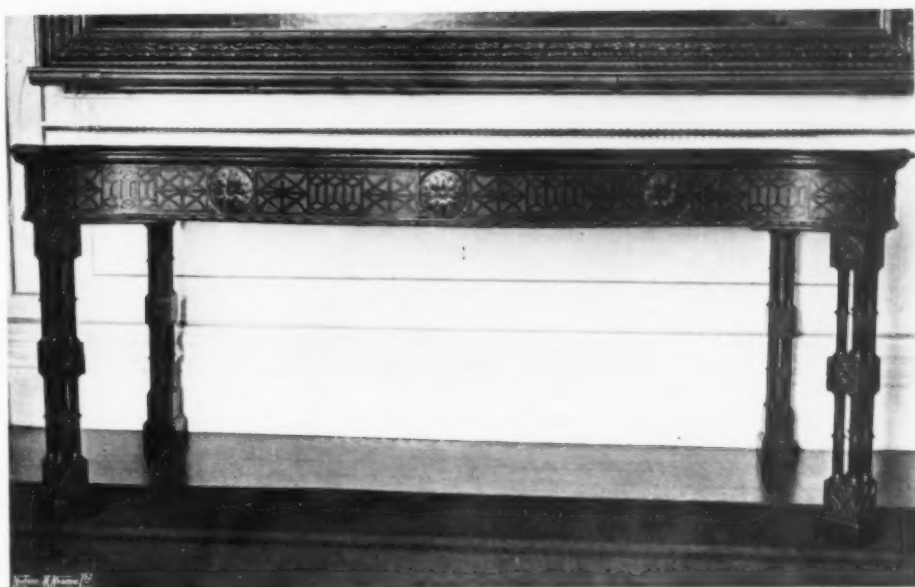
SECOND CHIMNEY-PIECE IN BILLIARD-ROOM.

had finished Ditchley and Smith Store-leigh, while, at the moment, Ripley was at work at Houghton and at Wolterton. Hursley is larger than Wolterton, having four more windows to its fronts, but resembles it in being a plain, oblong rectangle of brick with stone dressings and relieved by pediments in the centre of its two principal elevations. At Hursley, however, stone was rather more freely used, for the pediments are set on massive stone pilasters and entablatures. On the other hand, the Wolterton windows have stone casings while Hursley has not; only the central ones, serving as doors, have stone architraves and pediments. These may have originally been intended as entrances—such, certainly, being the accepted plan in houses of this period—but the line of basement windows was continued below them and there were no stairways down from them when Sir George Cooper purchased the estate in 1905. Ingress was at the side, through a columned portico and porch that stood on ground now occupied by the east wing. When the wings were added the main entrance was arranged in the centre of the north front at ground level, while to the south the original central opening was made practicable by the addition of a stone stairway of thoroughly adequate size and proportions. In

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building the wings stone was substituted for brick in forming the coigns, but in every other respect a very successful endeavour was made to use the same materials and treat them in the same manner as Sir William Heathcote had done nearly two centuries earlier. The same clobbered was used as a brick-field and bricks of the same size, colour and texture were made, so that the new walling equals the old in charm and quality. The central pediments were repeated on the four ends of the wings, and we really have Sir William Heathcote's house as it would have been had he designed it of its present size. Purists, of course, may object that this is falsifying history. That is so. The principle is not one to adopt with frequency or recklessness. But here was a case where a house of no special importance in family, political or architectural history needed additional accommodation, and this has been given in a manner which enormously enhances its presence and amenity as a specimen of the style in vogue when it was originally built. The informed thought and the perfect taste shown in the accomplishment of this object are deserving of very high commendation. The house stands nobly on high ground. To the north, the grandly timbered park swells to still loftier altitudes, but to the south an immense levelled lawn, flanked by banks on which stand rows of stately elms, forms the vista down which the eye travels to enjoy the far-stretching panorama of Hampshire scenery that it frames. East and west lie grounds and gardens ample yet homelike, well-kept yet old-fashioned, where new roseries and herbaceous borders are backed by yew hedges certainly planted early in the Heathcote régime and even attributed to the Cromwell occupancy.

The interior has been not merely redecorated, but largely reconstructed. The drawing-room occupies part of the old house and also the southern end of the new east wing. It carefully preserves the spirit of the English designers of George I.'s reign—such as Gibbs, Ware and Kent—who had taken Inigo Jones as their master and kept aloof from the "Louis XV." and the "Chinese" extravagances that were coming into vogue in their time. In the billiard-room, where the oak wainscoting is of the large panel type which prevailed rather earlier than the date of the building of Hursley, two very fine mantel-pieces of the Adam period have been introduced and fitted with etched steel grates and fenders of the same period and of high quality. The boudoir, on the other hand, takes us back to the close of the sixteenth century. It has been lined with wainscoting from an old Yorkshire house. The system of panel within panel reminds us of the splendid example yet remaining in another Yorkshire house. The "Great Parlour" at Gilling Castle, so well illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE a year ago, dates from the latter half of Elizabeth's reign, and the room now at Hursley will be of



FRETWORK AND CLUSTER-LEG TABLE IN DINING-ROOM. CIRC. 1750.

much the same period. At Gilling the inner panels are lozenge-shaped, and we find some of the same at Burton Agnes, yet another Yorkshire house. But the rectangular form was used for the screen of the hall of Trinity College, Cambridge, and there is affinity between that sumptuous example of early Jacobean woodwork and the room at Hursley, not only in the panel scheme but in the detail of pilasters and cornice. The mantel-piece is choice and splendid. The lower half of stone is composed of well-modelled caryatides supporting an entablature, sculptured with an allegorical subject.

Above, the oaken caryatides show none of the coarseness so frequent in Jacobean work, and are worthy companions to the stone ones below. A plaster ceiling of the same period has been reproduced. Here, as in every other room at Hursley, there has been no carelessness. All is in harmony. There is thoughtful selection and perfect finish even in the matter of small details. Excellent as are the rooms already pictured and described, they are merely the fringe of Hursley's recently introduced treasures. Its two finest apartments deserve longer notice and ampler illustration, and must be reserved till next week. T.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

A ROBIN'S CURIOUS BEHAVIOUR.

A FEW days ago I was a witness of what appeared to be very extraordinary behaviour on the part of a robin. I had stopped my car for a moment to speak to a friend, and noticed a robin fly up and perch on a wire some yards away. The engine of the motor was kept running, and soon the robin began to sing, at first in scarcely audible notes, but soon with full vigour. It certainly appeared as though he were singing in rivalry against the engine of the car, and so, to see what the result would be, I slowed down the engine, whereupon the robin's song became fainter in response. Immediately I switched off the motor the small songster flew down to the ground and fluttered against the wheels of the car, as though endeavouring to discover what had made the peculiar noise he had heard, and then, apparently having satisfied his curiosity, he flew back to the wire, where he remained motionless for some time before flying away into the thick undergrowth which fringed the road.

RANGE OF THE LAPWING COMPARED WITH THE GOLDEN PLOVER.

During recent years I have been noting with great interest the behaviour of the lapwing and golden plover on a certain hill eminently suited as a nesting site for both species. Half-a-dozen years ago the lapwing nested up to about the 2,000ft. line, and above this line the golden plover held undisputed sway; but latterly a change has been going on. The golden plover are now nesting on the hill in fewer numbers and the lapwing are increasing their range, as they are nesting in numbers on the upper slopes of the hill, to the seeming disgust of the golden plover, which are now less numerous here than formerly. Unfortunately, the lapwing do not seem to recognise that at this altitude early nesting is a very precarious business, and



SIDE TABLE TO MATCH PEDESTALS.

"COUNTRY LIFE"



as a result have most of their eggs destroyed by the snowfalls of April, and it is not till June is well in that they have broods to look after. The particular hill mentioned is in all probability unique as regards its bird-life, and within a few hundred yards of each other may be found nesting in complete harmony ptarmigan, red grouse, golden plover, lapwing and curlew, not to speak of such small birds as meadow pipits and wheatears. The summit of the mountain is just short of 3,000ft. above sea-level, and it is a very unusual and interesting sight to watch a couple of green plover wheeling and sparring above the summit cairn, the male bird uttering his loud song the while. It would be interesting to know what has caused the lapwing thus to extend their breeding range. A likely explanation is that since the protection afforded their eggs they have increased to such an extent that all suitable nesting sites on the low grounds have been appropriated, and the birds are forced to extend their breeding range to the higher parts of the district.

#### THEIR CHARACTERS COMPARED.

The dissimilarity between the lapwing and golden plover has often struck me very forcibly, and especially when the two varieties are nesting together. The lapwing is an extraordinarily pugnacious bird, and during the nesting season pursues with great vigour and dash any intruder near his nesting site. The golden eagle presents no terrors to him, nor does the sparrow-hawk, and he will not hesitate to pursue them with great hatred. The golden plover, on the other hand, are quiet and unobtrusive, and I have never yet seen them take the offensive against any bird or beast. Another curious difference between them is that the lapwing is almost always on the wing when intruders are near his nesting site, whereas the golden plover utters his alarm note almost invariably on the ground and does not take wing unless absolutely compelled to do so. On the whole, it might be said that the golden plover is the more lovable bird, but the lapwing the bird possessing the more energy and resource.

#### SOARING POWERS OF THE PEREGRINE.

The peregrine, thanks to the scant mercy given to him on the grouse moors, is now, unfortunately, very rare indeed in the Eastern districts of Scotland, and even on the Cairngorm range of hills, where the conditions are ideal for his habits, he is very rarely seen. A few days ago when on the precipices near the Wells of Dee, and at an altitude of close on 4,000ft., we had a very fine view of a peregrine soaring. A stiff wind was blowing from the south-east, and when first we saw him the peregrine was rushing against it with wings almost closed, and so curious an object did he appear that we were unable to identify him for some little time. Soon, however, he pulled up and remained absolutely motionless with outstretched wings and tail spread fanwise, until, thinking he saw something on the rocks below, he shot down like an arrow, only to rise again next moment and continue his search. We remarked upon the bird choosing the windward side of the hill to look for prey, as all the ptarmigan were sheltering on the leeward slopes; but possibly the peregrine was after small animal life.

#### THEIR PERSECUTION ON GROUSE MOORS.

As showing how much the peregrine is persecuted in this part of the country, I may mention the history of an eyrie that I know of during the past three years. In 1907 the eggs were laid (five in number) early in April.

The first time I visited the eyrie the hen bird sat very hard, and when flushed was most demonstrative, sailing quite close to us and repeatedly uttering her sharp note, "Kek, kek, kek." On my second visit she sat very lightly, and was away before I got near the nesting rock; while on my third visit an empty nest and a fresh cartridge lying at the foot of the cliff told their own story. Last year the eggs were again laid, but no young were hatched, though I have no proof that the hen was shot; and this year the same thing happened, so not a single young peregrine has been hatched off in the eyrie since 1906, at all events. I carefully noted the birds brought by the peregrines to their eyrie, and scarcely ever remembered seeing a grouse, the favourite birds being lapwing, which the falcons captured in a bag 1,000ft. or more below the nesting site. I am very strongly of opinion that the damage done by a pair of peregrines to a grouse moor is usually greatly overrated, and that the birds should have strict protection afforded them, during the nesting season at all events, as they add an immense charm to the mountain-side, and if their persecution is continued they will undoubtedly become extinct in the near future, except in the most inaccessible districts of the West Coast.

#### LAPWING AND CORMORANT.

The other day I was the witness of a somewhat novel affray between a green plover and a heavy-looking cormorant. The cormorant was winging his way up the estuary of a river, and was flying at a great speed, helped by a following wind, when a lapwing, feeding on the river-side, suddenly swooped out and attacked the cormorant with great fury. The unwieldy bird was quite taken aback and, after attempting for some little time to avoid the determined onslaught of the green plover, half fell to the water, and sought to escape from its enemy by swimming low. The lapwing was evidently satisfied at the sign of surrender on the part of the cormorant, for it flew off highly gratified with the result of its impromptu sally.

#### THE RUTTING SEASON IN THE FORESTS.

As I write (October 7th) the roar of the stags is heard in the forests hard by, and in the course of the next three or four days the stalkers will lay down their rifles for the season. The young stags, however, are still on the high grounds, and will not descend for some little time. It is really extraordinary how fiercely a couple of stags will fight at this season of the year, and a few days ago an old watcher told me he had twice come across stags lying with their skulls split completely in two. It is, of course, the strongest animal that has the advantage in these fights to the death, and as a result these stags have a following of hinds two or three times as large as their weaker brethren. The roar of a stag is somewhat similar to the lowing of a cow, only is a harsher call and pitched in a somewhat higher key. It is now that the stags lose their natural shyness and occasionally attack a man walking through a forest by himself. Some seasons ago a cyclist had a narrow escape in this way. He was pushing his cycle along a road which traversed a deer forest when he suddenly became aware of a stag galloping towards him at a great speed. The stag bore straight at him, and, knocking him to the ground, pursued its way without even turning its head. Fortunately, the cyclist was unhurt, but the results might easily have been most serious.

SETON GORDON.

## ON THE SOUTH COAST.

THE shingles stretch in a wide curve along the coast, melting into green pastures on the one side and swelling into a tidal bank, which slopes steeply into the water, on the other. All the litter that drifts up Channel seems to ground on this loose bank, and even in summer wreck-wood and wrack lie strewn along its crest, interspersed by rarer objects telling of disaster perhaps a thousand miles away. A bundle of rattans from far-off Java, a broken, battered case that once held curios from Japan, a palm-leaf, torn by tropical gales and borne on the warm Gulf Stream, may be from Trinidad or the Azores; strangers from other spheres where the ocean croons in softer speech, after weary journeyings and heaven knows what haltings by the way, meet and disintegrate on these alien pebbles. It is as though the sea in a freakish fit of tidiness had cleared the *débris* from more favoured shores and, tired of carrying it away, had cast it up on this bleak promontory in one vast rubbish shoot.

In the winter-time this flat expanse, lying stark beneath the fury of Channel gales and drenched with the bitter spray of Channel seas, is eloquent of desolation. No sound is heard but the crashing of water and shrieking of wind and sometimes the call of vessels labouring through heavy seas, and even the birds have sought shelter inland or migrated southward. But with spring even this sterile place shows signs of life. One by one the birds return, and a coarse, sturdy vegetation struggles up to the stony surface. Extraordinary little mice, apparently held bound by Spartan tastes to the waste places of the earth, rub their eyes, admitting that winter is past, and creep out to sun themselves on the stones. And presently the sun wakes all things to life and summer is here.

The shingle lies bathed in soft warmth. Under June sunshine every stone radiates heat, and the little hollows in the flat surface have the temperature of forcing-pits. Patches of low-growing broom—now veritable plaques of golden blossom—bow perpetually under the westerly breezes. Here and there a reddish moss has found a foothold in the pebbles and bound their shifting mass into something like solidity. A dwarf gorse, armed with giant prickles, creeps about the outskirts of the mossy

oases, and a few bents and thistles wave valiantly among the stones. Seaward lie a fleet of red-sailed smacks, heeling over to the breeze. White-capped, yellow waves rush shoreward, curve and break in a shower of foam; there is a perpetual roar of falling water, mingled with the scream of sliding shingle, as the sea tears down the barrier it has built up and will build again with changing mood. Clouds move swiftly overhead, their following shadows falling on sea and land, and between racing sea and shallow-haunted cloud a flock of terns are playing in the wind. They beat up against the breeze with strong strokes of the wing, turn and flash away like snowflakes before it, calling all the time in shrill, thin voices that pierce the deeper music of wind and water as the triangle pierces the vibration of bassoons and violins. Now and again a bird skims downward and alights upon the water, where he dances, dainty tail and pinions held high above the waves, light as a paper boat.

A shoal of small fish—herring fry, maybe—are passing up Channel and a crowd of common gulls hang upon their wake, gorging and quarrelling and screaming as only gulls can. Down come the terns to join in the revel. Scarcely seeming to touch the water, they strike their prey and rise with a silvery wriggling atom in their black-tipped beaks. Now and then, after a swoop, a bird flies inland, circles over one particular spot and returns to his fishing. Somewhere on that little patch of shingle he has his nursery, and has dropped a fish for the benefit of the little mottled chicks hidden in the sea of stones. So the sport goes on merrily, and both gulls and terns are too busy to notice the intrusion of a newcomer, until a harsh call, something like the "mi-ouw" of a cat, draws their attention to him.

He is a big bird, bigger than the gulls, nearly twice the size of the little terns, dark in colour and armed with a formidable beak. He overhauls the fishing-party just as a tern is rising from the waves and makes straight for him, menacing with beak and wings and "mi-ouwing" in a most disconcerting manner. Frightened and puzzled, the tern drops his prey. The newcomer swoops and catches it before it reaches the water, and then rises to repeat the performance. There is no evading him. He follows the unhappy birds with the pertinacity of a suffragette



pursuing a Cabinet Minister. He extorts their all with the remorselessness of a feudal baron or a tax-collector. The battle is to the strong, and if the fry have lighted on an evil hour, their persecutors have done likewise, and may return thanks that the skua is but a rare visitor to this Channel shore.

A little river meandering through the meadows from the distant downs and broadening into a miniature estuary marks the western limit of the shingle, and the further shore rises gradually into chalk cliffs. The sea has been busy here, eating out and grinding down. On sunny days the water at the foot of the cliffs shines milkily blue; in rough weather it is opaquely white, and a rising tide hurls its spray far over the brow of the precipice. Yet the face of the cliff is plastered with the nests of martins, and they may be seen hawking for insects almost within the clutch of the covetous waves, while the air is filled with their weak, sweet twittering.

Jackdaws, too, breed in hidden holes near the summit, and when the gulls come up from their feeding-grounds in the estuary the daws fly out to greet them and mimic their flight and cry. "Just to show we're as good as you, if we are black," they seem to say. But the monarch of the cliff dwells apart after the manner of monarchs. Two hundred yards or so from the shore a great stack-like rock crowned with green turf rises from the water, a dangerous bit of flintier stone which has withstood the erosion of the sea. On the calmest day there is turmoil round its feet. The sun may shine in a cloudless sky, the heat quiver in a windless calm, but always there is heard the eerie music of waves surging in hidden crannies and falling again with chuckle, and gurgle, and airless sucking; and ever and again comes the dull boom of a fuller swell that bursts in crystal spray against the precipitous rock. Sheer up from the water the islet rises, 200ft. perhaps from the death-song of the sea round its wave-lashed walls to the love-song of the birds round its emerald head—a fortress impregnable and menacing; and on an overhung ledge on its landward face the monarch of the coast, the peregrine falcon, for years past has made his nest. Time was when he and

his kind were honoured in England, when the man who destroyed hawk or tiercel found himself in a far more parlous predicament than the modern lout who "prigs a pheasant's egg behind the keeper's back." But the old order changed. The peregrine became an outlaw and every man's hand seemed against him. The keeper, who regarded him as rank vermin; the ignorant fool, whose one idea of showing his appreciation of a rare bird was to exterminate it; but chiefly, alas! the "collector," who bought his eggs—all did their worst, and up and down the coast the peregrine has disappeared. Only in two or three favoured spots such as this do a solitary pair of old birds still breed. Even for them protection came none too soon, and the young ones all seem to emigrate.

With the glass it is possible to watch the doings of the royal household. There is the king himself sitting on that little jutting point above the ledge. He preens his breast deliberately, gives a preliminary flap of his wings, gazes proudly round his domain and then swoops out over the dizzying sea. Up, up, he goes; then, turning landward, circles slowly over the downs. Woe-betide young pigeon or partridge that comes within the range of his majesty's eye, for, assuredly, he will make short work of it! To baby rabbits on the green sward, to helpless ducklings and half-fledged gulls in the estuary, death calls in the swish of his facile wing, for field and river are tributary states and he levies full toll of them; but to his hereditary subjects on the face of the cliff he is more merciful. Perhaps in them he recognises fellow-venturers, albeit of humbler aspirations; or perhaps he is actuated by the same mysterious motive as the vixen which, making her home in a rabbit warren, will go abroad to forage. Whatever may be the cause, it is only at long intervals that he harries the cliff, bearing off shrieking gull or daw to his grim throne. And his visits are soon forgotten.

"The king goes hunting," say the survivors next day, seeing him soar aloft; and the swallows flash and twitter, and the jackdaws jibe and mock under the very eye of the destroyer.

O. K. MOORE.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THERE is no English writer who has done more to make France and the French people understood by English people than Miss Betham-Edwards; and in the course of her long career she has not produced anything more fascinating than the volume which she calls *French Vignettes* (Chapman and Hall). We are not as a rule very fond of applying the terms of one art to another, of speaking, for instance, of a poem as a "nocturne," or of a picture as a "madrigal"; but the appropriateness of the title of this book will be apparent to everyone who reads it carefully. In each paper there is a clearly isolated incident or character brought within the compass of, comparatively speaking, few pages, and when we come to the end of each narrative we feel that in its way it has the completeness of a song. Take the first as an example. It has as its central character the great figure of Mirabeau; and a less skilful writer, careless of the oceans of ink that have been shed over this leading character of the Revolution, would have padded the incident here told with commentaries until it became dull. Miss Betham-Edwards concentrates her attention upon the single figure, that which is manifested in the "Lettres à Julie." In 1777, when he was just twenty-eight years of age, Mirabeau was flung into the dungeon of Vincennes by order of the States General. Not very long before that he had been married in the French way, that is to say, by the exercise of parental influence, to a woman he cared nothing about, and also, in the French way, had eloped with Sophie Meonier, the very pretty and sentimental girl-wife of a crabbed septuagenarian. They ran away and lived in concealment for some time, but eventually he was brought back to France and imprisoned, while Sophie was enclosed within convent walls. It was during this period that several of the famous "Lettres à Sophie" were written. They are generally held to be classic and perfect examples of the species of literature to which they belong. But only latterly was it brought out clearly, mainly by the investigations of Miss Tallentyre, that, while this passionate correspondence was going on between them, a third woman, in the person of Julie, had come into Mirabeau's life. This girl was the fiancée of a fellow-prisoner of Mirabeau's. Formerly she had held a humble post in the house of Mme. Louise, sister of Louis XVI. At the suggestion of her father and her lover she got messages through to Mirabeau, in the hope that he would be able to help her to seek the fulfilment of her ambition, which was to become maid of honour to some great lady. Mirabeau was himself, as indeed he usually was, impecunious, and saw his way to make a little money out of the situation. He forged letters from the Princesse de Lamballe, in which he expressed interest in the young lady, and this communication

had the effect of inducing her father to advance 5,000fr. The letters he wrote to Julie throw a very curious light on his character. He begins them in that tone of respectful deference which he could so easily assume towards any woman; but, as he goes on, familiarity grows. Instead of being "Mademoiselle," she is "My charming friend," "My fair, my much esteemed friend"; and in one letter, he, in Miss Betham-Edwards's words, "exhausts the vocabulary of endearment," Julie becomes his "darling Liriette," and Liriette is soon changed to the baby endearment of "Fan-fan." Mirabeau was obliged to exercise his imagination in the invention of details about the prospective situation, and in a letter written just before his liberation he goes into details as follows:

"Although your duties will be strictly confined to the house," he writes to Liriette, "you will have to dress with great care. In this matter Urgande (Mme. de Lamballe) has caprices, of which, oftener than not she bears the cost.

"My dear good little angel do give me some notion of your views as to pecuniary arrangements. You will have the servants (*la servile*) at your orders, but I imagine that you will prefer a maid of your own, at any rate, so long as you remain unmarried. Reckon up expenses and let me know. I must not conceal from you that Urgande's fancies constitute somewhat of a stumbling block, but this point we must go into thoroughly. It is incumbent on me to know your precise views as well as her own. In fine, my dear, we can only arrive at a satisfactory conclusion by means of a frank, intimate talk. To-morrow like Cesar, I cross the Rubicon, but between to-morrow, the day after, and the day after that, as you may imagine, I have five hundred visits to make, and a thousand things to do. It may, therefore, be impossible for me to have the inexpressible happiness of seeing you immediately. If however, I can steal two hours from my parents they will be devoted to you. Believe me, my sweet friend, Sophie is the only other being for whose presence I feel equally impatient. I long to be near her, a meeting with her would overwhelm me with delight. But I doubt whether I should be really happier than were I with yourself, that is to say, whether I should really feel more pleasure and satisfaction.

The usual disillusion was swift to follow, and the girl, not without reason, accuses the great statesman of having cheated and misled her. But the most curious fact was that Mirabeau's affection for Sophie, and indeed that of his wife for him, "had evaporated in ink." They were both of them gifted with a considerable amount of dramatic fancy, and it is a study for the psychologist that a series of the most charming love-letters in literature ended in the utter estrangement of the two correspondents, and the complete cooling of the regard that they had for one another.

In the Decameron itself there is nothing more touching than the Duc d'Enghien's love story. It is brought very close to us by the fact that Henri Rochefort, who is still alive, mentions that in his childhood he visited the Duchesse d'Enghien. As the Princesse de Rochefort-Rohan she was one of the most

charming women of her early day, and the story of the Duc's passion for her, his perseverance and constancy, reads like a love story of the olden time, while the Great Wizard himself cannot have imagined anything more pathetic than the last act of this drama. Napoleon had conceived a suspicious jealousy of the able and popular soldier, who spent the few months of his married life in a modest château within a stone's throw of the French frontier. The incident forms a very black page in Napoleon's history. It was March 14th, 1804, that is to say, about three months after the young Duc's marriage, that a general of the name of Fririon, while dining with his friends at Strasburg, received a sealed despatch. He grew deadly pale, and signalling M. de Stumpf, his host, into an adjoining room, told him that he was ordered at two o'clock that very morning to take an escort of cavalry and seize and carry off the Duc d'Enghien. His duty was obviously to obey, but the conversation was intended to give the doomed man a chance of escape. The Duc would not take it. When the messenger from M. de Stumpf arrived he was away hunting deer, and did not arrive home until close upon the time when his would-be captors were due. He did not take the warning seriously, and, laughing with an infectious gaiety, scouted the idea of neutral territory being violated, and vowed that for himself and his followers rest and food were absolutely necessary. He therefore retired to sleep, and was awakened in the course of a few hours by the noise of the armed men who had surrounded the château. He could not believe even then in the deadly purpose of the Emperor, and after the mock trial and condemnation by court-martial he wrote a letter to Napoleon asking for a personal audience. It was never delivered, and the end came suddenly. The governor of the fortress where he was confined conducted his prisoner through one dark passage after another, finally emerging into the open air:

It was now pitch dark, and a cold north wind was blowing.  
 "You are taking me to a dungeon?" asked the prisoner.  
 "Alas, no!" murmured Aufort, his benefactor, whose duty it was to be present.

A few seconds later the victim knew his fate. He had been conducted to the *fosse*, or dried moat, between the fortress and the outer wall. Before him by the feeble light of torches gleamed the bayonets of the firing party; at hand lay a newly-dug grave, which had been prepared the previous morning.

He died with composure, almost his last act being to despatch a lock of hair, a ring and a note to his wife. The bequest never was carried out. The lock of hair, the ring and the note were placed under lock and key and not discovered until Imperialism was overthrown at Sedan. No wonder that the authoress ends this touching tale with Herbert Spencer's bitter remark, "The Bonapartes have proved the greatest curse of modern times."

#### MR. MEREDITH'S VALEDICTION.

**Last Poems of George Meredith.** (Constable and Co., Limited.)

THE nineteenth century is remarkable for having produced several men who at the extreme limit of old age retained their intellectual energy. Just before his death the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone wrote an account of his early friend, Arthur Hallam, that is, perhaps, the most beautiful and poetic piece of literary composition that ever came from his hand. Alfred Tennyson, when an octogenarian, wrote some of his most inspired poems. Mr. Meredith retained to the last his keen interest in life, and, even when his body was utterly broken down, his mind seemed to retain all its original soundness and vigour. This slim, posthumous volume would afford evidence of the fact if any were needed. It contains several pieces that would have done credit to the muse of Mr. Meredith at any time of his life. His character of the wild rose:

Pride she has none,  
 Nor shame she knows;  
 Happy to live

embodies the very spirit of Meredith, and is as great a tribute to the "princess of weeds" as any in the English language. In a little bundle of fragments he says of the love of Nature:

Cherish it as thy school for when on thee  
 The ills of life descend.

Here he was preaching what he practised all his life. It is good to know that an old man who had arrived at "the land's last limit" was still able to find youth in age:

Once I was part of the music I heard  
 On the boughs or sweet between earth and sky,  
 For joy of the beating of wings on high  
 My heart shot into the breast of the bird.  
 I hear it now and I see it fly  
 And a life in wrinkles again is stirred,  
 My heart shoots into the breast of the bird,  
 As it will for sheer love till the last long sigh.

The originality of description which lent so surprising a charm to the novels we find exemplified in such a verse as this:

She dwelt where twist low-beaten thorns,  
 Two mill-blades like a snail,  
 Enormous with enquiring horns,  
 Looked down on half the vale.

In his later years Mr. Meredith was keenly alive to the danger that stood in the way of his country, and in a little poem called "Ireland" he gives expression to an aspiration that will be generally echoed:

And strength to-day is England's need;  
 To-morrow it may be for both  
 Salvation: heed the portents, heed  
 The warnings; free the mind from sloth.  
 Too long the pair have danced in mud,  
 With no advance from sun to sun.  
 Ah, what a bounding course of blood  
 Has England with an Ireland one!

We are inclined to think, nevertheless, that the most characteristic piece in the volume, although it is not the best, is the one called "Atkins":

Yonder's the man with his life in his hand,  
 Legs on the march for whatever the land,  
 Or to the slaughter, or to the maiming,  
 Getting the dole of a dog for pay.  
 Laurels he clasps in the words "duty done!"  
 England his heart under every sun:—  
 Exquisite humour! that gives him a naming  
 Base to the ear as an ass's bray.

The Meredithian temperament, the Meredithian indignation, the Meredithian point of view, are all expressed in these eight lines, which sound so like an echo from the pages of his novels.

#### A STUDY OF SOCIALISM.

**The New Socialism: An Impartial Enquiry,** by Jane T. Stoddart. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

IN this book Miss Stoddart has brought a very clear, orderly mind to bear upon a vague subject. Socialism has never yet had an exponent of supreme and unquestioned authority; its tenets have to be gleaned from the utterances of innumerable minor prophets. Miss Stoddart takes the last ten years and endeavours to show from published documents what are the accepted doctrines of to-day. Her book is illuminating, but it would, we think, have been more so if it had been shown at the very start that opposition to the competitive system is the foundation-stone of platform Socialism to-day. The point is not wholly missed. It crops up in such phrases as Paul Kautsky's: "Continuance in capitalism civilisation is impossible"; in Ken Hardie's: "The economic object of Socialism is to make land and industrial capital common property," and in statements equally definite by Ramsay MacDonald, Dr. Menger and H. G. Wells quoted by the authoress at the very opening of her work. But the mere taking over by the State of the railways, for instance, need not in itself be Socialistic, indeed many Conservatives advocate it. Although the State works the Post Office the latter is not a Socialistic institution, simply because it retains the competitive principle. Fitness and efficiency are judged by examination and rewarded by increased wages. There is no essential difference between the servant of the Post Office and the servant of any very large company. Water, gas, electric light, and even milk might be supplied by a municipality without the act being necessarily Socialistic. It might be that the public body only made itself into a trading concern, and the common-sense objection is not that this could be an infringement of principle, but that, as a rule, public bodies have shown the selves uncommonly bad trading concerns.

How "co-operative possession" is to be worked without competition is the problem for which we await the solution. We cannot follow Miss Stoddart when she continues: "Socialists aim at a better regulation of all businesses on which the health of the public depends. They would abolish private bakeries, slaughter-houses, etc." Take a private slaughter-house. The objection to it is that in it an unscrupulous butcher may kill and prepare for consumption animals suffering from diseases such as tuberculosis and typhoid (including swine fever). But surely the public health is as precious to the Tory as to the Socialist. A quarter of a century ago or more Lord Beaconsfield advised his followers to pin their faith to sanitation, and the Socialists can be allowed no monopoly in the operations conducted against bacteria. Obviously Socialism might reside in the manner of acquisition. Were the State acting on the advice of a Conservative Government to take over the railways, an endeavour would be made to satisfy the just demands of those who had suffered by the operation. But Miss Stoddart is most successful in the analysis of the methods by which Socialism will deal with compensation. Many oppose the principle altogether or give it a grudging consent. Mr. Bernard Shaw has said, speaking of land, that it must be honestly purchased. Mr. Sidney Webb and others are in practical agreement. The seizure violently advocated ten years ago does not now find any thoughtful advocates. "Expropriation by attrition" seems to find more favour. It is described by Mr. Sidney Webb. "The democracy may be trusted to find, in dealing with the landlord, that the resources of civilisation are not exhausted. An increase in the Death Duties, the steady rise of local rates, the special taxation of urban ground values, the graduation and differentiation of the income tax, the simple appropriation of the unearned increment, and the gradual acquirement of land and other monopolies by public authorities, will in due course suffice to 'collectivize' the bulk of the tribute of rent and interest in a way which the democracy will regard as sufficiently equitable, even if it does not satisfy the conscience of the proprietary class itself." Much reliance is placed on the first mentioned of those engines for removing capital from private into public hands.

After a careful examination of the evidence, Miss Stoddart draws the moderate and safe conclusion that "the new Socialists, if they had the power, would abolish or profoundly modify the present law of inheritance." The desire to transmit an estate to posterity is at present an undeniable incentive to frugality and industry. If it is found to be impossible of fulfilment a stimulative must be found to replace it. Here the Socialist is called upon to do constructive work, and it is interesting to observe that a mind so impartial as that of Miss



Stoddart finds the great weakness here. Some liken themselves to a party in opposition and to excuse themselves by means of the well-known tag that the doctor should not prescribe until he is called in. Others are vague and impracticable, so that after the most earnest and sympathetic study of the Socialistic "Work State," it is discernible only as a vague and shadowy Utopia. What strikes us most is the vast amount of compulsion that would be necessary to force men and women with their highly developed instincts, habits, and aspirations into this new groove. It is very tempting to follow Miss Stoddart into the details about what this State would do in regard to foreign policy, and so forth, but we must leave our readers to do that for themselves. Sufficient is it to note that no clearer, no more useful collection, arrangement and analysis of material has ever come before us.

#### AN EDITOR AND HIS CONTRIBUTORS.

An Editor's Chair, by Ernest Foster. (Everett and Co.)

OFTEN enough has the shrill wail of the literary contributor been raised in the printed page, but not so often do we hear the editor's views so clearly. Mr. Ernest Foster may be congratulated on the charm of writing, the unfailing tact, the perfect good sense with which he unveils some of the secrets of his profession in the book before us. He holds the mirror up to the contributor in a way that probably may surprise the latter; for when complaint is made about unsympathetic, callous, unintelligent

editors, few of those who dwell outside know what the character of the average post-bag is. There is, of course, a very great difference in the attributes of those who love to see themselves in print. Some enter upon their task with the care and preparation which are worthy of it. They assure themselves before writing that they have something to say, and they make themselves acquainted with the columns in which they wish to appear. But we are afraid the aspirant of this character is rather the exception than the general rule. Often a contributor naively explains that he has not been in the habit of taking in or reading the magazine to which his offer is made. Mr. Foster gives many highly amusing descriptions of this kind of contributor, and there is no experienced editor who will be unable to confirm what he says. His little book forms a kind of manual of the clever, bright, topical journalism which came into vogue fifteen or twenty years ago. It is from one cover to the other a very readable volume.

#### BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

Sailors' Knots, by W. W. Jacobs. (Methuen.)

Kings in Exile, by Charles G. D. Roberts. (Ward, Lock.)

Thirty-seven Years of Big Game Shooting, by the Maharajah of Cooh Behar. (Rowland Ward.)

Mari Antoinette, by H. Belloc. (Methuen.)

Letters from the Peninsula, 1808-12, by Lieutenant-General Sir William Warre, edited by his nephew, the Rev. Edmond Warre. (Murray.)

## PARTRIDGE-DRIVING IN THE WEST.

TWENTY years ago such a thing as driving

partridges in this country of small fields and enormous fences was unheard of; but Sir Alexander Hood determined to try the experiment in 1892, and, ably assisted by his head-keeper, he and his friends have since enjoyed many excellent and very sporting days on the centre of the Fairfield estate. Fairfield has always been a good partridge-producing manor; the soil is good, though it varies in character a good deal, consisting of rich red loam near the Quantock Hills, while nearer the Bristol Channel there is some of the



W. A. Rouch.

HIGH BIRDS DOWN WIND TO MAJOR HOOD.

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heaviest clay soil to be met with in England. The land is well farmed, the tenants are most excellent and keen sportsmen, and a thoroughly good and friendly feeling exists throughout the estate between landlord, tenants and labourers. It may be mentioned that there are any number of foxes carefully preserved and continuously hunted by the West Somerset Foxhounds, which, though not exactly a fashionable pack, provides good sport, and plenty of it, as the records of many a season tell.

Having resolved to try the experiment of driving, a certain number of beats were reserved in the centre of the property,



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A GOOD COVEY BREAKING OUT.

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where the fields are not so cramped or the fences quite so desperately hairy as they are near the sea. These beats were lightly shot in 1892, and in that and the two succeeding seasons some 200 brace of Hungarian partridges were turned out to increase the stock and provide a change of blood, the result in this case proving very successful. There are one or two points in this "West of England" driving that make it very different from what may be called the "Eastern Counties" system. To begin with, the fields being small, a large number of very short drives are necessary. For these only one lot of drivers are employed, while three lots of "drivers-in," each consisting of three men under an under-keeper, sweep the stubbles and grass into the various small root-fields; if roots are scarce and thin, it is very difficult to get on terms with the partridges at all, as they are sure to betake themselves to the



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#### MR. FELLOWES GUARDING THE LEFT

fences. Directly a turnip or mangold field has been filled by the drivers-in, the guns take their stand behind the hedge at one end of the field, and by the time they have done this the drivers proper will have lined out at the far end, and as soon as the starting-horn is blown, the birds at once begin to come over. The drives are many and short, and although it is rare for any gun to get double figures, there is so little waiting that one is kept busy and on the *qui vive* all the time.

Again, owing to the enormously thick fences, it is impossible to bully or tire the birds; if you try to do this they are certain to retire to the fences and refuse to play the game any more that day. Consequently, all day long you have fresh birds



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#### A HIGH RIGHT AND LEFT DOWN WIND.

coming over in more or less unbroken coveys, and as the fences are high and uneven, with many trees in full leaf, the shooting, even in calm weather, is extremely difficult, while the walking, climbing and jumping entailed when going from one drive to another will afford the greatest glutton for exercise quite as much as he ever wants.

Another very pleasing feature of partridge-shooting in this country is the great interest shown by all the tenants in the sport. They come out in large numbers, sit under the high hedges and criticise the performances of the various guns in their kindly West Country way; and those over whose farms the particular beat happens to be, invariably bring with them a welcome sample of the excellent cider or home-brewed nut brown ale for which the County of Somerset is famous. The beaters, too, seem to take a much livelier and more intelligent interest in the proceedings than they do elsewhere, and the zeal with which they walk, run and flank is an eye-opener to visitors from further up the country. On the day on which

these photographs were taken the size of the bag was a good deal lessened owing to the fact that root-fields were none too plentiful, and the equinoctial gales made a most unwelcome and forcible appearance. In spite of this over ninety brace were killed.

The gale made the shooting very difficult indeed; birds flew high and fast and many were blown clean off the beat in the down wind drives, while, when it was obligatory to try and bring them up wind, they broke out in



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#### THE HOST TAKING A WEST COUNTRY FENCE.

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LORD LINLITHGOW TAKING ONE BEHIND HIM.

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every direction, only passing over the flank guns. The first two drives down wind were very pretty; the birds came so high and fast that the photographer had some difficulty in getting them into his field of vision; but, as will be seen from several of the illustrations, he was successful in overcoming this, while the fourth picture gives a very good example of the smaller class of fence which has to be constantly negotiated.

In the last illustration the photographer has been very successful in just catching the feathers of a bird falling to Mr. Lowry Cole's left-handed gun. Unfortunately, one very characteristic point has not been recorded, i.e., the arrival of the party in a brake driven by a postillion. In these days of motors this is probably the only instance where a postillion is still regularly employed to drive the party to the shooting meet—a picturesque and good old custom. In order to show what can be done by this system of driving in what was formerly considered a country impossible for driving, some of the bags from 1892 are here quoted. It may be mentioned that of late years Sir Alexander has been so busy with his Parliamentary duties that he has been unable to give as much time as he was formerly able to do to planning and generally supervising the shoot; for instance, this is the first week's holiday he

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Gale last day.



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THE SHOOTING PARTY.

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| 1899—Oct. | 3 | ... | ... | ... | 137 | ... | ... | ... | 6 |
| "         | 4 | ... | ... | ... | 76  | ... | ... | ... | 6 |
| "         | 5 | ... | ... | ... | 137 | ... | ... | ... | 6 |

Middle day wet, stopped at lunch.

|           |   |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |   |
|-----------|---|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|---|
| 1900—Oct. | 4 | ... | ... | ... | 140 | ... | ... | ... | 6 |
| "         | 5 | ... | ... | ... | 172 | ... | ... | ... | 6 |
| "         | 6 | ... | ... | ... | 112 | ... | ... | ... | 6 |

Gale last day.

1901, 1902 and 1903 were bad years—shot only four guns, averaging about eighty brace per day.

|           |   |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |   |
|-----------|---|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|---|
| 1904—Oct. | 7 | ... | ... | ... | 116 | ... | ... | ... | 6 |
| "         | 8 | ... | ... | ... | 150 | ... | ... | ... | 6 |
| "         | 9 | ... | ... | ... | 88  | ... | ... | ... | 6 |

No roots.

|           |   |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |   |
|-----------|---|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|---|
| 1905—Oct. | 5 | ... | ... | ... | 178 | ... | ... | ... | 6 |
| "         | 6 | ... | ... | ... | 135 | ... | ... | ... | 6 |
| "         | 7 | ... | ... | ... | 80  | ... | ... | ... | 6 |

No roots.

|           |   |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |   |
|-----------|---|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|---|
| 1906—Oct. | 7 | ... | ... | ... | 125 | ... | ... | ... | 6 |
| "         | 8 | ... | ... | ... | 135 | ... | ... | ... | 6 |
| "         | 9 | ... | ... | ... | 120 | ... | ... | ... | 6 |

Lots of birds; crooked powder.

|           |   |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |   |
|-----------|---|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|---|
| 1908—Oct. | 5 | ... | ... | ... | 101 | ... | ... | ... | 6 |
| "         | 6 | ... | ... | ... | 113 | ... | ... | ... | 6 |
| "         | 7 | ... | ... | ... | 70  | ... | ... | ... | 6 |

No roots; high wind and very crooked powder.

CORNISH CHOUGH.



W. A. Rouch.

MR. LOWRY COLE STOPPING A BREAKING-OUT BIRD.

Copyright

# ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

## OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP CONDITIONS.

THE golfing world, for reasons which are not quite obvious, seems to have expected some discussion to take place at the recent business meeting of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers about the future mode of playing the open championship. The next arena for that mighty contest is St. Andrews, and whether the mode of play there will be altered from that which has been in use lately we do not know; but a change is likely, and a change is not undesirable. Those four fell days of consecutive scoring play are felt to be too much even by those who play them best, and on whom, therefore, the strain would seem the lightest. What it is for those who faint and fall out by the way, the large majority know. The alternative to playing the championship as at present seems to be to make a three days' business of it—to make the whole field play one round on the first day, and ditto on the second, and on the third day to let the sixty or so lowest scorers play two rounds, and the score of all four rounds to count in the decision. That would do away with the present qualifying rounds and so shorten the agony considerably. It is an alternative of possible adoption now. How long its adoption may be possible we cannot say.

## LIMIT OF NUMBER THAT CAN START IN A DAY.

It has to be recognised that there is a fixed limit to the numbers of players that can be sent off in a day, also that it is altogether impossible to play a scoring competition on any other terms than that all competitors shall play on the same day. In this climate of uncertainty, as glorious as that of golf itself, the same round may differ in difficulty as much as nine strokes from one day to another. The limit to the numbers is fixed by the hours of a reasonable golfing day, and perhaps we shall not be making that day anything but a fairly strenuous one if we reckon it to begin at 8.30 a.m. and to close at 8 p.m. There is no light for more. Some of us finished in the dark at the last amateur championship meeting. You cannot, in common humanity, ask men to begin before 8.30, especially as, at the majority of the championship courses, the players cannot find lodgings close to the links. If the last couple is to finish by 8 p.m., that means that it must start at 5.30, leaving you, for the hours in which you can be starting your competitors, all the interval from 8.30 in the morning to 5.30 in the afternoon—that is to say, nine hours in all. The rate at which you can start competitors within the hour, without blocking the course so badly that you gain nothing by starting them any quicker, is found by experience to be thirteen couples. Multiplying thirteen by nine, you then get the number of couples that you can start within the compass of the reasonable golfing day. The sum works out, by ordinary arithmetic, at 117—117 couples, or 234 souls.

## PROPOSED ALTERNATIVE NOT AN ULTIMATE SOLUTION.

If we can get off 234 in a day, that is sufficient. At present the entries for the open championship do not reach that figure; but they are not far off it. They are over the 200 sometimes, and should they reach the neighbourhood of 250 we shall be coming to numbers with which the alternative proposed becomes impossible. Still, there is no particular reason, perhaps, to go to meet our troubles; we may as well wait for them to come, and though it is more than likely that the entries for this open championship will in a short while reach the figure that will make the alternative proposal impossible of adoption, that is no argument against resorting to it in the meanwhile, while it still is possible. The merit of the qualifying rounds is that half the field could compete in them on one day, and half on another, without injustice, because a proportion of each section could thereby be selected for the final battle and the sections would not come into mutual competition. It is a little curious that many should have been pointing out to us a little while ago that the way of salvation from the congestion of the amateur championship was to have some preliminary scoring rounds, as in the open championship, and that it should be the open championship, after all, which is giving most trouble with its congestion. There is pleasant irony in that. Yet it may be that we shall have to come to scoring qualification

in sections for the amateur championship too. It seems the only possible way out, if entries continue increasing.

## NEW TITLES.

Taylor and Horne met in deplorable weather on the new Weybridge course last Saturday, and Taylor won by three up and two to play. In the afternoon two minor professional luminaries joined in a four-ball match. This appears, however, to have resolved itself into another struggle between Taylor and Horne, in which the latter turned the tables upon the champion. A new and unattractive feature in professional matches was to be found in the advertisements of this encounter. Taylor was described, properly enough, as "Open Champion," while to Horne was applied the rather cumbersome title of "Record Long Distance Driver." This is surely undesirable and rather ridiculous. Horne is, no doubt, a very long driver and hit a ball some colossal

number of yards at North Berwick; but when it is considered what an enormous part in the length of any drive is played by slope, wind and ground, that only one drive in a million is ever measured at all, and that there is (thank goodness for it) no such thing as a long-distance driving championship, this invented title might well have been omitted. It is reminiscent of the old days of prize-fighting, when everybody was a "nonpareil" or a "game chicken." We experience a pleasant sensation of romance in reading of these ancient heroes and their names in "Boxiana," but we hardly wish the fashion to be revived. Are we to have alliterative titles invented for the golfing champions of to-day—the "Walton Wonder," "Mid-Surrey Marvel," or "Huddersfield Hero"? Will Tom Ball be called in future the "Record Long Distance Putter"? It is sincerely to be hoped not.

## AUTUMN MEDALS.

The difference in difficulty between seaside and inland golf in the matter of wind was clearly shown by the results of some of Saturday's autumn medals. While Mr. Fry won at Mid-Surrey with 76 and Mr. E. C. Lee was no less than six up on Bogey at Northwood, the medals at Muirfield and Sandwich were won with scores well in the eighties. At Sandwich Mr. Arnold Read won with 83, while the Honourable Company's medal fell to Mr. Maxwell with 82, Captain Hutchison and Mr. Laidlay tying for second place at 85. When the tie came to be played off, either the weather must have improved or else Captain Hutchison must have been playing phenomenally well, even for him, for he went round in 76 and, it is superfluous to mention, added the second medal to his large collection. Muirfield is certainly Mr. Maxwell's course. He and Captain Hutchison and Mr. Laidlay are all three acquainted with every blade of grass, both there and at North Berwick; but, whereas at North Berwick Captain Hutchison seems to be the right man to back—he goes round like clockwork in 76—when it comes to Muirfield the amateur champion is the most terrible. It has always been so ever since he first burst into fame there by beating Mr. John Ball in a memorable and protracted match. He appears to have obtained a mastery over those very varying and deceptive greens which no one else can quite equal.

## MR. R. H. DE MONTMORENCY.

Mr. de Montmorency is a schoolmaster at Eton, and schoolmasters, although they have very nice long holidays, cannot take them at their own sweet will. The summer half is always in full swing at the time of the amateur championship, and so the field for that event can never be fully representative, since Mr. de Montmorency's presence is undeniably needed to make it so. In 1908 he was able to get down to Sandwich to play for England in the International match, and signalled his appearance by beating Captain Hutchison, a feat no other Saxon has succeeded in accomplishing in this match. Mr. de Montmorency first played golf for Oxford in 1897; he was captain in 1898, and also played in 1899. Truth compels the statement that he is a little older than these dates would suggest, since some little interval elapsed between his leaving school and going up to Keble. He did not really begin to play golf till he was quite grown up, but he has been making up for lost time ever since, and has developed from a golfing cricketer into a cricketer golfer, and one of the very best amateur golfers in the United Kingdom. He drives very far and very sure, with a short swing that has more than a



MR. R. H. DE MONTMORENCY.



suspicion of a hit about it; but his best stroke is played with a horrid little weapon which he calls his "push cleek." With this club in the strongest cross wind he can hit the ball with really beautiful accuracy. This summer he developed into a deadly putter, and his opponent's last hope is now gone. Rye and Dornoch are his two particularly happy hunting-grounds; he also has a great affection for St. Andrews and Stoke Poges. Finally, Mr. de Montmorency played cricket and racquets for his University, and takes an infinity of pains over the racquet pair that represent Eton at Queen's Club.

#### OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

It is a mark of the starting of the winter season when the golfers of Oxford and Cambridge buckle on their armour once more. At the beginning of the October term their respective courses are sometimes reasonably dry for a week or two; but this most lamentable autumn will have deprived them of even this brief respite from the muddy winter that lies before them. Oxford have already played a trial match, and have several likely players to fill the places of those who are gone. There are Mr. Holderness, who has done very good things at Dornoch, and Mr. Myles, who was runner-up to Mr. Robertson-Durham in the Cruden Bay Tournament; also Mr. Roulston and Mr. Legh, who played in several matches last year. The place of Mr. Robertson-Durham will be a very hard one to fill, for he was a tower of strength, but Mr. Evans, the cricketer, should be very good indeed if he improves as he ought; of the younger players he was very distinctly the most promising in last year's match. Cambridge are in want of good golfing freshmen, since their last year's side was rather mediocre and badly needed some players of outstanding merit. If Mr. Walker can gain in length and power he should be good; the less forcible parts of the game he plays well.

## BOY SCOUTS.

IT was the sight of Boy Scouts singly, in pairs and in small lots, practising their profession without visible instructors and without any "gallery," that always brought me to a standstill to watch, with some amusement, it may be, but with far more interest in the lads themselves and the serious side of a great movement. For it is great! You have only to look at the boys to see that there you have the finest material in the world to uphold a country or to make one. You may smile at the "play-acting" side of it, but it is a poor judge indeed who sees no more than that. Not everything is wasted that is rehearsed in "The Land of Lestpelandia," and it was genius that showed how to clothe a great purpose in the garb most attractive to a boy's fancy; showed how to make leaders of the Little People; how to enable the boys to affirm by action what their fathers are content to debate: "A country that's worth living in is worth fighting for!"

I watched the boys in Richmond Park, crawling through bracken or dodging behind trees; came across them further afield in twisting lanes and shady woods, peering through hedges or over gates, and sometimes statuesquely posed on a green hillside intently surveying, under a shading hand, the roads and fields below. It was the intense earnestness—the life and death seriousness—of the scout and the undisguised admiration and envy of those of his age and many much older who saw him, that made one wonder what the movement may not grow to.

They are now nearly 200,000 strong in the British Isles alone, and the number is growing daily. That is a fine army to owe to the genius and efforts of one man; it is an army which may well prove of far greater value than many times their number in grown men raised in the hour of need. When the impulse to "take off my hat" to Baden-Powell was gratified, it was almost inevitable that one should try to realise or forecast the effect of this training on the boy and of the movement on the nation. One could see the boy alive with the awakened faculty and habit of observation, quickened in his reasoning, broadened in his outlook; self-reliance, self-restraint and discipline fed into him in a diet of his own choosing. One could see him rough-schooling younger brothers and companions, and conscious of being more a man than the elders who "knew no better." One could see him grown to man's estate—which usually means, old enough to work and looking for a job.

What will he do?

There are some people who do not believe in self-sacrifice and discipline for the practical ideal of a self-supporting, self-defending Empire, but are content to stake the chance of existence on the goodwill, indifference or embarrassments of others. Many take a different view, and when the Boy Scout becomes a man voter he will have his own ideas on this question. But that is a national, not a personal, matter; and it is the personal that will first concern him. The training which he is getting now will quicken his perceptions, develop his self-reliance and widen his horizon, and, although the vast majority will, and must, settle to such work as they can get at home, the proportion of those who will want to strike out in new countries will be much greater than before. It will be his concern to see that he does the best for himself; it should be ours to see that that best is securable within the ample limits of the British Empire.

It was while looking at the boys that there came the thought: "The best material in the world to uphold a country or to make

one." And then the idea: "Why not help to make ours, South Africa?" Of the present 200,000 alone, many will surely look longingly to the countries where the individual counts for more and the chances are greater, and as the years go by and the numbers grow, so, too, will the healthy non-contents increase. Canada, Australia and New Zealand will have their share; and we want for our South Africa her share too. The work the boys are doing, the training and habits they acquire, not merely fit them for our life but suggest its conditions at every turn. You cannot watch them for five minutes without a smiling recognition of some suggestion and of some appropriateness; and to me it was that phase of our life described in "Jock" that was conjured up. I had seen little people practising and playing at scouting on their own account after reading the book, and it seemed to me that it might be welcome to the Boy Scouts as a gift or a prize; that it might help, if an outside individual can help, to stimulate interest further among the boys; that it would, at any rate, be some little expression of sympathy with the movement and with the mover in his self-imposed task; and, lastly and mostly, that it might turn the thoughts of some future emigrant to a British Colony where he is needed and will be welcome, and where he will have his chance—the only country in the world where the life of "Jock of the Bushveld" may still be lived. General Baden-Powell, to whom the suggestion was submitted, welcomed it in his own generous way, and was in hearty sympathy with the last-named object. It may provoke a smile, or something less indulgent, that a book written for the Little People should now be burdened with a serious purpose, and that "Jock" should be proudly promoted to the position of a British Emigration Agent! But the author's letter-bag brings much evidence that this has already been done, and he is only (but very willingly) aiding and abetting.

Trifling incidents—a traveller's talk, the reading of a letter, or, how often, of a book—have turned the scale and sent men where opportunity awaited them; and, great though their reward may have been in many cases, the British Empire and the civilised world should be grateful for the happy chance, for, indeed, they owe much to the lads who have "gone out to seek their fortunes." Is it too much to hope that a picture of one phase of South African life may turn the boy's thoughts to a country where they are needed, and where, though drawn by the chance of sport and adventure, they will find a free and healthy life with scope and opportunity for greater and better things than those that may attract them most while young?

It was Rhodes's hope and aim that in Rhodesia a great white population should find a home—"Homes—more homes! That's what I work for" he cried out one day, standing on the spot where he now lies buried. It was his unceasing care that boys from the Motherland should come with those of South African birth, to help in his work as Empire-builders; and right splendidly have many of them done it. But there is more to be done, and there is room for all.

The divisions between the white races and between the States of South Africa belong to a chapter of history which, I believe, is closed for ever, for the root causes have been removed. We have a country united under one flag and one Government, with one all-healing provision—equal rights for all who make the land their home. Rhodesia, more than any, requires white population and can well bear it. In all the wide world it is only there and in British East Africa that the conditions exist which make the life of "Jock of the Bushveld" possible; and it is the writer's hope that when the Boy Scouts of the British Isles come to be men they will not forget the land of opportunity.

J. PERCY FITZPATRICK.

## RIFLE AND ROE.

SUPPORT with a gun, to my mind, is not equal to a day after the roedeer with a small-bore rifle. One might as well compare the mopping up of pheasants in a turnip-field to the true sport of a rocketeer coming like the wind some 25yds. overhead. Many a good day have I enjoyed with the small rifle, with its heavy barrel and orthoptic sights. The following account gives an outline of such a day, though it fails miserably to convey the enjoyment experienced.

The autumn was far advanced as I approached the valley we had arranged to drive, with the aid of three keepers and a couple of steady retrievers. We came to a halt at a great group of juniper bushes, and arranged plans for the drive. The old keeper pointed out a small ravine some half mile ahead, running into the main covert at right angles, made clear by the line of crimson-leaved rowan trees. This would lead me down into a sort of opening, or clearing, where my own intelligence must suggest a suitable stand. I started off on my solitary tramp, keen as mustard. The cross ravine is at last reached, and I slip down the muddy, wet banks under the old alder stems, cross the rivulet of clear spring water with the lumps of quartz shining white on the black, peaty bottom, and crawl up the opposite

side, where the water oozed from the black banks and the ferns grew fresh and green. Through densely thick ling once more, and at last I see the glade on the right.

The covert is about 150yds. wide at this point, the glade in which I am to stand is from 50yds. to 100yds. wide, covered with a green, rushy bottom, with heather knolls here and there and a few single trees scattered about. I see tracks of roedeer in the soft, black ground, where it is free from growth under the trees, or where they cross the sphagnum moss, and also notice that a red deer has passed this way. A likely clump of alders with old gnarled stems catches my eye as a suitable place to stand, more or less in the centre of the glade. It stands out from the general line of the covert, and so commands a large area of ground. Creeping into position, the rifle is loaded, the sight is adjusted to, say, 80yds., and a seat is found on a sloping moss-grown trunk.

Looking up to the moor on the right I notice that one of the keepers has taken his stand high up on the side of the valley to act as a stop. There is evidently more danger of the roe breaking out on to the moor than of crossing the river. I hear the intermittent throbbing of a pheasant's wings, and a hen floats across the glade, fans out on to the ground, stands a moment, as if listening, and then steals out of sight into a patch of coarse grass. A blue hare ambles towards me, sits up and twitches his nose and ears. All this movement points to the drive having commenced, and it is not long before a distant shout proclaims that "the quarry" has been sighted. The excitement becomes intense, and the thumping of my heart is not relieved by the sight of the old keeper on the hillside practising a sort of savage war dance, in which the waving of arms and stick is included. Eyes and ears are kept on the strain. Presently the sound of soft pattering or rustling is heard, and the forms of three slim brown-coloured doe move slowly past some 60yds. down the glade, followed by a buck showing a fine pair of horns. They move restlessly, as disturbed deer will, with slender necks outstretched. Then a pause comes and the necks are held high with heads thrown back and ears pricked forward. Alas for the buck, the real danger lies not behind but in front. The tiny whitened foresight is brought quickly on to the brown shoulder, the trigger is steadily pressed, and the three startled doe disappear in a few bounds, leaving the buck kicking wildly among the wet rushes. The movement soon ceases, and I keep my position until the red, eager faces of the keepers appear through the birches. Their caps are in their hands, and their faces stream with perspiration from the extra pace that has been put on after hearing my shot. They spot the slain buck at once, and move quickly towards it for the performance of the last rites. "Losh, what a muckle great heed!" says one. "Mercy me, see to the horns on him. Nae doot ye'll ken the wecht o' him on yer shoorders gin ye win hame," are some of the remarks that reach my ears.

Again do I march forward to a stone wall, nearly a mile ahead, which leads down into the covert and commands a good position, and here, contrary to all good behaviour, light my pipe before taking stock of the grand narrow valley that opens up far below. The river here is sighted stretching up to a loch gleaming in the distance. A small farm-steading, with its blue roofs, whitewashed walls, yellow ricks and brown peat-stack, lies a mile in front, nestling down under the high black frowning precipices that rise up immediately behind. The blue peaks of

distant hills appear in the far distance, beyond the loch. But what is that down among the birches on my right? A movement, and I notice a roedeer, though it is too far to tell whether it be buck or doe. A patient watch, and another deer is noticed partly hidden among the autumn-tinted leaves. As the beaters advance those deer will probably be driven forward and away from me, and the urgent question arises, shall I attempt to stalk them or wait, on the chance of other game being driven forward to my pass? The argument of "the bird in the hand" appeals strongly to me, so the stalk is slowly begun by crossing the rickety, loose-stoned dyke at a depression of the ground some 100yds. above my position. A crawl through long heather brings me to a knoll with rocky face. The deer are supposed to stand some 150yds. below this, among an open covert of dwarf birch. A careful peer round the corner of the knoll, and the back and neck of one of the deer are seen, apparently undisturbed so far. A small rivulet from a soak or spring runs down a shallow heather-covered valley, which will enable me, with luck, to get to closer quarters. This is reached with the utmost care, trouble and anxiety, and the wet slimy approach down the hill is taken at full length but with relief and satisfaction, seeing that I am completely hidden. I must now be within 50yds. of the deer, but the depression is lessening, and little or no cover encourages a further advance. Much time has been taken up, and the beaters may be expected at any time, and with disastrous results to my stalk. A risk must be taken, the advance must be made to the edge of a ridge, which may or may not gain a sight of the deer, but which will most certainly expose my position to their keen eyes.

I hear the tap of a stick in the covert not far distant, denoting the approach of the beaters—not a moment must be lost. Two or three vigorous lunges forward, and my head tops the ridge. The deer are sighted and at the same moment their heads are up, and they slink out of sight. I have been detected! The deer will not face the beaters; they are sure to work forward. I quickly get back out of sight, and run wildly forward through the long heather, on a line parallel to the covert, to command an opening ahead. The opening is sighted reaching down some 150yds. to my right. No deer are viewed. Have they passed? Am I too late? Anyway, let me do what I can. The sight is raised and I lie prone in a good position and wait, feeling all the agonies of uncertainty, then, at last, four roe trot past with a buck leading. They slow down as they approach the far side of the opening. I get the sight on the buck, fire, and all canter off as if untouched! It is an awful moment of disappointment, and I sit gloomily down to await the keepers, who are with me in a few minutes. The spot is examined, but there is no sign of blood. It must have been a miss, and, of course, I blame the sight for not being a trifle higher.

It is decided that I wait more or less on the same spot and that the keepers go far ahead and beat back the covert towards me. It does not seem a very hopeful business, but there is much to comfort. Suddenly a hoarse shout echoing through the narrow valley dispels such artistic dreams. Shout follows shout.

"Rin, Jimmy, rin! Ye loon ye! Caa yer dug. Caa yer——"

"But I see nocht," howls Jimmy.

"Doon to the left, ye dodderin', blin' fule," roars John till the hills resound, all which din means that the buck, which had been struck far back, has been sighted and brought down by the dogs.

W. MAITLAND STEWART.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### A CORRECTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—In your article of last week on "The Hunting Season" the new Master of the Rufford, Sir Hugo Fitzherbert, is described as being the son of one of the three brothers of whom Mr. Egerton Warburton wrote:

"Were my life to depend on the wager,  
I know not which brother I'd back,  
The Vicar, the Squire or the Major,  
The purple, the pink or the black."

As the son of the Major, may I be allowed to correct the error into which the writer of the article has fallen? The verse in which alone a Fitzherbert is mentioned by Warburton occurs in his poem on "The Woore Country" (now the North Staffordshire) and runs as follows:

"Here's Hammond from Wistaston bringing  
The news from the neighbouring shire,  
Fitzherbert renowned for his singing  
And Dorfol's invincible Squire."

The last of these, Mr. James Tomkinson of Dorfold, was the eldest of the three brothers, and of him the next verse records:

"Few sportsmen so gallant, if any,  
Did Woore ever send to the chase—  
Each dingle for him has a cranny  
Each river a fordable place.  
He knows the best line from each cover,  
He knows where to stand for a start,  
And long may he live to ride over  
The country he loves in his heart."

There then follows a description of "Henry the purple-clad Vicar," the Rev. Henry Tomkinson of Reaseheath Hall, and the third brother, Major—afterwards Colonel—Tomkinson, my father, completes the trio recorded in the lines quoted; and as is stated in the appendix of notes to Warburton's volume. The date of the poem is in the thirties; while the late Rev. Sir Richard Fitzherbert, father of the present Baronet and who is stated to have been the Vicar of the trio, was not born until the year 1846.—JAMES TOMKINSON, House of Commons.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I feel sure that the writer of the article, "The Hunting Season: Its Changes and Prospects," which appeared in the last number of COUNTRY LIFE, will not mind my putting him right over an error which has occurred in a portion of his contribution. First, the quotation from one of the Lays of Egerton Warburton should read:

"Were my life to depend on the wager  
I know not which brother I'd back;  
The Vicar, the Squire, or the Major,  
The Purple, the Pink, or the Black."

Secondly, the famous lines refer not to the family of Fitzherbert (as your correspondent states), but to that "Band of Brothers," the *par nobilis fratrum* of the Cheshire hunting-field, the Rev. Henry Tomkinson, Vicar of Davenham, who was, of course, the "Vicar" of the rhyme; the Rev. James Tomkinson, Squire of Dorfold, the "Squire"; and Major, subsequently Colonel, Tomkinson of Willington Hall, Tarporley, the "Major." These three gentlemen were prominent members of the Cheshire Hunt—



the famous "Green Collars," in its palmyest days, when the Squire of Arley was its Laureate. The two sons of the "Major"—Mr. James Tomkinson, M.P. for Crewe, and his brother, Colonel Tomkinson, late of the 1st Royals—could hardly be surpassed as first-flight riders, unless it were by Mr. Wilbraham Tollemache, said by the best judges to be one of the finest cross-country riders that they ever saw. An interesting fact with regard to the present Master of the Rufford, which your correspondent omitted to mention, is that he is a descendant (a great-grandson, I believe) of the great Hugo Meynell, to whom, more than to anyone else, we owe our present system of hunting and riding to hounds. Please excuse this last digression, and forgive me if I have encroached on your valuable space.—NORTH SHROPSHIRE.

#### THE PENALTY OF GREEDINESS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a rough photograph of an incident that you may consider worthy of record, and I should be glad to know if it is of usual occurrence. Last week while walking on the shore here I found an angler-fish quite dead, and inside it the whole of a herring-gull that it had recently swallowed and evidently been choked by. The bird had entirely disappeared into the stomach of the fish, and it was only on opening its mouth that I found a few feathers that led me to investigate further the cause of death. Both fish and bird were quite fresh, the former weighing 14lb. and the latter 3½lb. I am now having them set up.—A. L. ALLEN, Montrose, N.B.

[We regret that the very interesting photograph accompanying this letter was not suitable for reproduction.—ED.]

#### A LABRADOR THAT RETRIEVES SALMON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose two photographs of my Labrador landing salmon for me. I



LANDING AN 8½lb. SALMON.

used him to land a good many. The fish in the picture weighed 8½lb.—SYDNEY HOLLAND.

[We have much pleasure in publishing one of the photographs.—ED.]

#### THE VIEW FROM RICHMOND HILL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We are glad to hear that the Urban Council of Richmond are yielding to the numerous suggestions that have been made to them about the desirability of cutting down some of the trees that are undoubtedly obstructing much of the fine and famous view from Richmond Hill. It is full time that some such action should be taken, for the view is seriously blocked out by the growth which the trees have made in recent years. At the same time, it is no less satisfactory to find that they propose to proceed to this work with caution and deliberation. The trees are beautiful objects in themselves, and while their removal is an easy matter, the replacement of even one that has been removed without due cause can only be accomplished after many years. Without doubt they are right in the policy which they seem inclined to adopt of felling one, or a few, at a time, so that the effect may be judged, and in not taking any wholesale measures which, if ill-advised, would be irretrievable in the present generation.—SPECTATOR.

#### A VICTIM TO WIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—When stalking with a friend in Aberdeenshire in September, I came across a ten-pointer stag



A FOREST TRAGEDY.

only just dead, which had been trying to clean his horns in an old wire fence, and had managed to entangle them in the wire, which was also round one foreleg and his neck, so that the more the poor beast struggled the tighter the wire got round the neck. In fact, I had great difficulty in putting my fingers between the wire and the neck.—P. J. W.

#### RIPPLE-MARKS ON STONES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps you can throw some light on what appears to me a very curious thing. Quarrying stone for building, I have several times happened on stones that show the ripple-mark of water in a most unmistakable way. Of course, this would be easy to understand if it happened on the upper, or perhaps any outside, surface, but it is seen when the stone is cleft, sometimes right in the heart of the solid rock. Perhaps the explanation is simple. I should be very glad if you could explain it.—F. M. H.

[We think the explanation to be that the ripple-marks were made when the surface on which they were seen was really the upper one. That the stone solidified with this ripple-mark, of course made by water, imprinted on it. Then, after this solidification, the ripple indentations became filled in with washings of debris which did not solidify into one homogeneous piece with the stone. Subsequently a new stratum of the same character as the stone was deposited over the other, and the whole became so solidified together as to make one block. When this block came to be cleft, the line of least resistance, along which, therefore, the cleavage would be most likely to take place, would be that in which the structure of the stone was weakened by the ripple indentations filled with debris as described. The debris, denuded of its covering, would then readily wash and wear out, leaving the original ripple-marks again visible. Such marks are often seen on flag-stones, and are accounted for in this way by geologists.—ED.]

#### THE FEEDING OF CUCKOOS IN CAPTIVITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The account of a tame cuckoo by Mr. Lodge is exactly the experience I had with two the year before last. One of mine flew against a window and broke its neck, while the other flourished until winter approached, when it seemed to get weak and feeble, and with the cold weather it grew still weaker, though I did everything for it that I could. The food difficulty was great. Too much raw meat did not seem good for it, and the worm supply at times ran very short. Like Mr. Lodge, I did not like to let it loose, and still less to kill it. Finally the cuckoo died, and I shall never try to keep another; it was too distressing to see it "going wrong" and not be able to save it. I notice the cuckoo in the photographs in COUNTRY LIFE has a

quite plain dark head. All the numerous young cuckoos I have found around here have had white marks on their heads. These marks vary in each specimen, but so far I have never met with one with an entirely dark head. The accompanying photograph shows a bird with white feathers on the front and on the back of its head. Do you think these white feathers could be any indication of sex?—FRANCES PITT, Bridgnorth.



CUCKOO SHOWING WHITE FEATHERS.

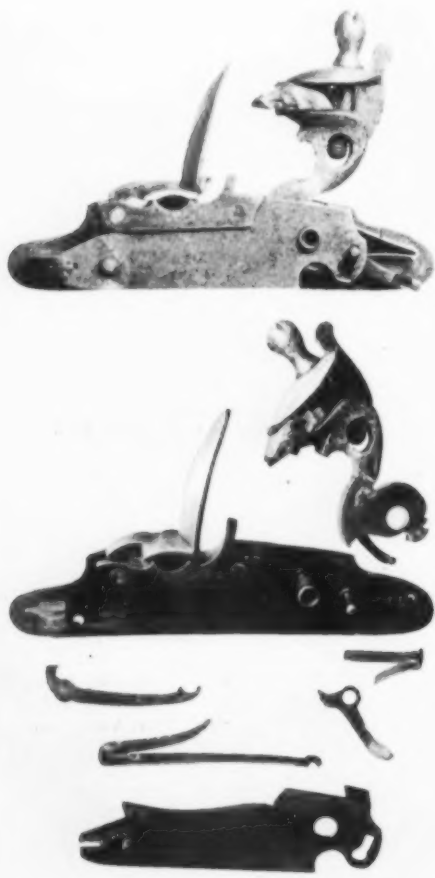
#### SUSSEX DEW-PONDS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The old dew-ponds which are found on the Southdowns are used now for watering the sheep which graze in large quantities on these hills. These



ponds date back for many centuries. Dr. John Hubbard and Mr. George Hubbard in their book on "Neolithic Dew Ponds and Cattle Ways" state that they have found signs of dew-ponds which they assume are of Neolithic origin. They say they have found traces of such a pond at Cissbury, which is surrounded by an ancient ditch and wall, earthworks which they consider to be quite 4,000 years old. In those days a great portion of Sussex, with the exception of the Downs and maritime plains, was one vast forest, which began near Lyme in Kent, and covered the greater part of that county as well as Sussex, and then stretched into Hants, covering an area of quite 120 miles in length and 30 miles in breadth. Often the inhabitants used to retire to the hills with their flocks and herds from the terrors of the forest, or when they thought they were going to be attacked by their enemies. Needless to say, when this occurred water was required, and these ponds were made. They were formed in a circular shape, and always on the top of a hill. Of course, in such a situation there was not a spring near, or any visible source of supply. There has often been great discussion as to how these ponds are filled, and also when full kept so. Even in the height of a dry summer they will still always be found to contain plenty of water. In wet weather naturally they fill very quickly, and it is supposed that when they are once full they are kept so by the condensation of the thick, damp mists, dews and cloud-like vapours that can be seen hanging over these hills even on a very hot summer's morning. About Lewes often of an evening the highest summits of the hills are completely hidden from view by a dense sea-fog, which, in the summer as a rule, is a precursor of a hot, fine day. There is a very good description of these ponds to be found in Mr. Beckett's book, "The Spirit of the Downs," and in it there is an account of his interview with an old man at Glynde, whose grandfather and father, as well as himself, used to make these ponds. The following is his account of how they were made: "First we used to hollow out the ground and cover it with a layer of mortar into which flints were rammed, and this was repeated, so that there were two courses of mortar and two of flints in alternate layers. On the last course of flints a compo of plaster and fine sea-sand was laid, and the pond finished with an edging of brick about gin. wide." Another way in which they were sometimes made was by "puddling" the sides well to prevent leakage, and a good layer of soot was employed to prevent boring grubs and worms from making holes and thus causing the pond to leak. Anyone walking or riding over these downs will come across a great number of these ponds, but quite the finest one is to be found on Chantonbury Ring (which rises near the village of Steyning), which, although not the highest point, is one of the most picturesque owing to the beautiful crown



OLD FLINT GUN-LOCK.



WOOD WASPS: SIREX JUVENCUS AND S. GIGAS.

Beautifully clad in bands of yellow and black, possessing a long ovipositor, which has all the appearance of an extra powerful sting, and buzzing when on the wing like an angry hornet, it is quite alarming, though as far as human beings are concerned it is the most harmless of creatures and can be handled with impunity. It is plentiful in most fir plantations, where is also met its less common relative, the black *S. juvenicus*. Both are very injurious to the fir trees; they lay their eggs beneath the bark of the trees. This is where the long ovipositor comes in useful, as it is also a saw with which the insect can drill a hole through the bark. The eggs soon hatch and the grubs tunnel their way through the tree, and as the larval stage lasts some time they do endless harm, in many cases killing the young spruce, larch and pine. At length, having eaten their way up and down the wood and grown to full size, they pupate in their wooden chamber which they have driven close up to the bark, so that when the time comes to emerge the perfect insect shall have no unnecessary trouble. Very often, when trees

have been cut down, the *Sirex* does not hatch until the poles have reached the workshops. This is what happened in the case of the two insects (specimens of the two different species) which I have photographed. My brother caught them, and as he hurried to the house with one it escaped, but he ran after it and watched it return to the pile of poles, where, after more trouble, he again secured it and soon had it safe in the cyanide bottle. To return to the photographs, they hardly do justice to the superb colouring of this insect, as the yellow orange bands are of so intense a colour as to come out very dark even with the help of an isochromatic plate. A yellow screen was out of the question; one could not give a long enough exposure. It seems a shame to denounce so beautiful a creature as harmful, but that it is exceedingly so there can be no question, and if any of your correspondents know of any method of destroying them without destroying the trees likewise I should much like to hear of it.—F.

WOOD WASP (*S. GIGAS*) ON FIR TREE.

## A HUNTING-FIELD TRAGEDY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—“X,” writing under “O’er Field and Furrow” in last week’s *COUNTRY LIFE*, speaks of a certain river as the Orwell. He refers to the upsetting of the ferry-boat at Newby, by which Sir Charles Slingsby and others lost their lives, and speaks of the river as the Orwell, whereas it should be the Ure (or, as it is sometimes called, the “Yore”), which runs along past Ripon. I have lived for many years within a mile or two of the scene of the accident.—G. W. C. HARTLEY.